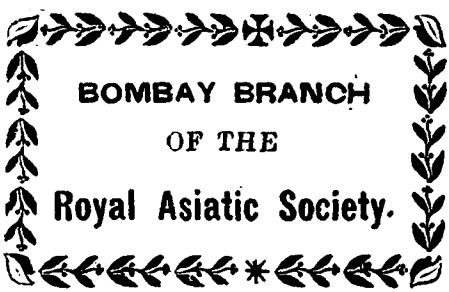
00056778



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 16 January, 2016

EXCURSIONS

IN

ITALY.

BY C. FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT;" "THE SPY;" "EXCURSIONS IN SWITZERLAND," &c. &c.

56778
a.c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Ex L. 10

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1838.

914·5
(00/EXC
56778

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

CONTENTS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LETTER XVIII.

Mountain paths near Sorrento. — The Scaricatòjo. — Picturesque houses.—Amalfi.—Salerno.—Eboli.—The Castle. —View from it. — Unhealthiness of the Peasantry. — Buffaloes. — Useful breed of Oxen. — Scene of Murder. — Pæstum.—The Temple of Neptune. — Scenery of Pæstum.— Beautiful route to Pompeii.— Castel-a-Mare.— American Vessels seized by Murat.—Influence of the Commercial Class in America.—Rights of individual Citizens disregarded. . . . . Page 1

LETTER XIX.

Passage to Naples in a heavy gale. — Street amusements at Naples. — The Mole. — Shipping and Vessels of War. — Neapolitan Skies. — Effect of Sunset. — The Museum. — Process of unrolling and decyphering the Herculaneum MSS. — Liberality of Government in carrying on the investigations. — Familiar articles found in the ruins. — Suggestions for the improvement of American Coinage. — Moral evidence of articles deposited in the Museum. 37

LETTER XX.

Departure for Rome.—Campagna Felice.—Aqueduct and Palace of Caserta.—Capua.—Sessa.—The Appian Way, and Bridge upon it. — Gaeta. — Cicero's death. — Terracina.—The Pontine Marshes. — Peasants mistaken for Banditti. — Velletri. — Albano. The Campagna of Rome. — Distant view of the City. — Entrance by the Gate of St. John.—St. Peter's.—Vastness of the fabric. . . . . Page 56

LETTER XXI.

The Campagna.—The Tarpeian Rock:—doubts as to its identity. — The Walls of Servius Tullius,—and of Aurelian. — The Muro Torto. — The Wall of Honorius, or the present wall. — Errors of Literary Men with respect to measurement. — The Walls and Ruins of brick. — Limits of Modern Rome. — Rome not a continued ruined town like Pompeii.—The ruins scattered, and not well preserved. 85

LETTER XXII.

Morning ride round the City.—Egyptian Obelisk.—The Pincian Hill.—Raphael.—Villa Borghese.—Muro Torto.—Invasions on this side of the town.—Pretorian Camp.— A Basilica.—The Campagna.—Fine breed of Horses.—Temples of the God of Return, and of Bacchus. — Fountain of Egeria. — Tomb of Cæcilia Metella.—The Circus ascribed to Caracalla, erected by Maxentius. — Rome never materially larger than at present. — Tomb of Caius Cestius.—Protestant Cemetery. — Monte Testaceo.—The old system of Patron and Client.—Anecdote of Ferdinando King of Naples. 103

LETTER XXIII.

The Tiber.—Monte Mario.—Milvian Bridge.—Bridge of Nomentanus.—The Sacred Mount; Apologue of Menenius Agrippa. — City Walls. — Amphitheatre. —Santa Scala. — The Lateran.— Works of the Empire and the Republic contrasted. — The Coliseum. — Via Sacra. — The Capitoline Hill. — The Palatine. — Imperial Palace. — The Forum. — Arch of Septimius Severus.— Column of Phocas. — The Capitol.—Statue of M. Aurelius.— Columns of Trajan and Antoninus.—The Pantheon. Page 127

LETTER XXIV.

Mode of living, and uncleanliness of houses, unjustly censured. —Palazzo Borghese.—State of Society.—Cecisbeism.—Females of Rome.—Higher and lower classes of Italians.—The English disliked. — Hopes of advancing Romanism in America.—Religious bigotry diminished.—Disrespect of Protestants in attending the Singing at St. Peter's.—Buffoonery of Servants of a Cardinal at devotion. — Magnificence of Church Architecture. — Roof of St. Peter's.—The Lateran.—The Vatican.—Frescoes of Raphael.— Celebrated Pictures.—Statuary.—The Apollo, and the Laocoon. —Fresco by Michael Angelo. 160

LETTER XXV.

A Pic-nic on Monte Mario. — Modes of ordinary address in Europe. — View of Rome from Monte Mario. — Comparison between Modern Rome and New York.—Contempt of Romans for Strangers. — Rome kept from utter ruin, by the Papacy; — its ultimate fate.—The Pic-nic. 196

LETTER XXVI.

The Carnival at Rome. — Masquerade at a Theatre. — Ludicrous mistake there. — Joke on a New-England Clergyman. — Beauty of Roman Women. — Gaieties of the Carnival. — Sugar-plum artillery.—The Races.—Extinguishing of Tapers.—Observance of Lent, and of Palm-Sunday. — Canonical orders of the Romish Church. — Cardinals. — Popes. — Ceremonies of Holy Week. — The Benediction of the Pope. — Impression left by these ceremonies.—Illumination of St. Peter's.—Fireworks. Page 208

LETTER XXVII.

Departure from Rome.—A scolding traveller, put off by a roguish innkeeper at Cività Castellana.—Pilgrims returning from Rome. — Narni.—Falls of Terni.—Spoleto.—Hermitages.—Temple of Clitumnus.—Foligno. 226

LETTER XXVIII.

The Col Fiorito of the Apennines.—A race for a good breakfast. — Tolentino. — Macerata.—Reconati.—Loretto: The *Santa Casa*, or Shrine. — Infirmary: Designs by Raphael.—Ancona.—Sinigaglia. — Castle at La Catolica. — Scenery near the Adriatic. —Rimini. — Procession for rain. — San Marino.—The Rubicon. —Cesena. — Forli. — Napoleon and his roads.—Faenza.—Imola. —Country from Ancona to Bologna. . . . 235

LETTER XXIX.

Ferrara.—The Prison of Tasso. — The Flying Bridge over the Po. — Austrian Custom-house: no unnecessary trouble given there.— Venetian women. — Padua. — The style of Palladio. —

A Miracle.—Infidelity in mask.—Road to Mestre, and Villas on the Brenta.—Distant view of Venice.—The Lagoons.—Origin of Venice. — Aquatic Post-house. — Approach to Venice.—Canals. —The Rialto. . . . . Page 261

LETTER XXX.

Arrival at Venice.—An hour's walk by moonlight.—The streets of Venice. — The Great Square of St. Mark. — The Piazzetta.— Palace of the Doges. — The Campanile.—The Bridge of Sighs. — The Port. — Travellers' book at the Leone Bianco. . 273

LETTER XXXI.

Picture of the Assumption, by Titian.—Martyrdom of St. Peter. — Church of St. Mark. — Attention to the countenance by the old masters. — Canova's Monument. — Palaces. — Arsenal and Museum.—Gondolas and Gondoliers.—Lions' Mouths. — Concourse in the Square of St. Mark.—Attempt to revive Venice as a free port.—Composition Floors.—Cause of frequent conflagration in America. — Mr. Owen's social scheme. — Company to erect edifices for lodging mechanics suggested. . . . 279

LETTER XXXII.

Wearisome calm of Venice.—The Canals and Port the chief resort for recreation.—Garden planted by Napoleon.—Misconception respecting the Rialto.—The Bridge of Sighs.—Palaces.— The Canals without footways on their margin.—Intercourse by land.—The Grand Canal.—The Lido.—The Islands. . 294

LETTER XXXIII.

New mode of Travelling.—Route from Venice to Vicenza.—Theatre on a new plan by Palladio.—Verona : The Amphitheatre, and the Tomb of Juliet.—Observations on Italians and Italian Society.—Banditti and Assassins.—Lower classes of Italians.—Nobles and Gentlemen.—Italy by nature a single country.—Its division into States.—Obstacles to its consolidation.—Napoleon.—A confederated Republic predicted.—Line of the Tyrol.—New mode of Travelling, the most expensive.—The Inn at Trent.—Picturesque Valley.—Tower at Botzen.—Brixen.—Pass of the Brenner.—Innspruck.—The Cathedral, and the Castle of the Counts of the Tyrol. . . . . Page 301

ITALY.

LETTER XVIII.

Mountain paths near Sorrento.—The Scaricatòjo. — Picturesque houses.—Amalfi.— Salerno.—Eboli.—The Castle.—View from it.—Unhealthiness of the Peasantry.—Buffaloes.—Useful breed of Oxen.—Scene of Murder.—Pæstum.—The Temple of Neptune. — Scenery of Pæstum. —Beautiful route to Pompeii.— Castel-a-Mare.— American Vessels seized by Murat.—Influence of the Commercial Class in America.—Rights of individual Citizens disregarded.

THE season having advanced far enough to remove all apprehension of malaria, we sent notice to our friend Mr. Hammett, at Naples, and prepared to visit Pæstum. On the appointed day the consul appeared, and, the next morning, after an early breakfast, we left *la Casa detta del Tasso,* on donkeys as usual, and took one of the mountain paths that led towards the gulf of Salerno. We had often explored these very heights, and had often admired the loveliness of the view, as from the elevations we over-

looked both bays, and all the radiant scenery, but never more so than on this occasion. The shores of this promontory, on the gulf of Salerno, are, as a rule, much higher than those of the bay of Naples, though they cannot well be more precipitous. At the highest point of the road we dismissed the donkeys, and prepared to make the descent on foot, followed by a man to carry the night-sack and the cloaks. The place to which we were going, and, in particular, the path which leads to it, has great local celebrity, and that deservedly, among the lovers of the picturesque, under the name of the *Scaricatòjo*, which signifies, I believe, a place to discharge at, or a landing. W——, who justifies his Pennsylvanic descent by a love of puns, termed it the "Scare-you, the toes, oh!" — and really it is one of the last places on the coast I should have expected to find a marine landing at. The precipice is very high, many times higher than that of Sorrento, and almost as steep. We went down it by a zig-zag, half stairs and half path, or what —— would call an *amphibious* road, wondering what there

could be at the bottom, but the sea. We did find, however, a landing just large enough to receive a boat or two, and the site for a small house, in which two or three custom-house officers live; for so great is the jealousy of this government, in matters of revenue, that every spot at which a boat can throw its crew ashore is closely watched.

At the *Scaricatòjo*, we took a small boat with a pair of oars, and launched upon the water, bound to Amalfi, which lies some six or eight miles further up the gulf towards Salerno. Our party consisted of five; and these, with the two oars, gave us more freight than would be agreeable in a blow; but fortunately there was scarcely any air, though the cradle of old Neptune was lazily rocking, as it is ever known to be, gale or calm. Occasionally, as we rounded the cliffs, the send of the sea would carry us close in, giving us the appearance of one of the bubbles, though in fact there was no risk.

I had often rowed under mountains, in Switzerland, though not often so immediately beneath rocks of the same elevation, for some

of the peaks between Amalfi and the *Scaricatòjo* are said to be six thousand feet high. This is almost equal to Mount Washington, and all, too, in the distance of a mile, or even less, of base. In Switzerland, certainly, one sees cottages, and even churches, convents, and chateaux, on the spurs of mountains; but I do not remember to have ever met with habitations of the same pretension so crowded on rocks so nearly perpendicular, as was the case to-day, a few miles before we reached Amalfi. Some of the country houses seemed to us, who were floating beneath, to be absolutely stuck against the rocks; though I dare say there was ample room for safety, and even for gardens. Just before reaching the town, a convent appeared built *into* the cliffs, in a most picturesque manner, the wall of rock rising above the buildings half way to the clouds.

Amalfi is in a sort of a gorge, and certainly has as few commercial facilities, in the way of a port, as any ordinary mile of sea beach. Beach it has, and that, in a region like this, is distinction enough to form a town; for the light craft

most in use by the ancients could be hauled on it—an effectual mode of security. I never before witnessed a scene of wrangling, begging, vociferations, and rapacity, equal to that which followed our landing on the beach of Amalfi. Men, women, and children beset us in schulls, particularly the two latter, until we were compelled to use strong measures to get rid of them.

Amalfi would seem to have been built for pleasure, for the situation is beautifully picturesque; though, the beach excepted, and a gorge in the mountains that permits of a better path than is usual here, were the only two practical advantages I could discover about its site. You may imagine the effect of a town of some size, clinging to rocks between mountains and the sea, with churches, convents, and villas, stuck about on shelves, according to caprice or accident. These people are the very opposites of us Americans in their urban economy; for while we level mole-hills with the sagacity and zeal of speculators, they perch themselves on cliffs, and people ravines

like poets. We may have the best of it, considering a house as an *article*, in which a room must contain but *two* windows, since the *third* curtain will prevent its letting; but they have greatly the best of it, considering a house as a place, in which one is to indulge in his individuality, and in pleasant thoughts. I believe we make money faster than any other nation, while we spend it with less satisfaction. A copy of the lost Pandects of Justinian was found at Amalfi, in 1137. I wonder where the Pandects of Trade were found?

As our time was short, we ordered a large boat with six oars, and left Amalfi within an hour, taking some refreshments with us. The country changed materially as we approached the head of the gulf, the peaks becoming lower and less perpendicular, and the shores generally more accessible. In the direction of Calabria the coast appeared low, the Apennines retiring inland, though their blue and ridgy outlines were visible in the haze. A lad who pulled the stroke oar, and who answered most of our questions, amused us greatly with his *patois*. Signore,

he invariably pronounced like *snore*;—"*S'nore, si; s'nore, no;*"—as you may suppose, to W——'s great delight.

We found Salerno seated on the strand, with hills behind it, and an amphitheatre of mountains in their rear, again. It occupies some such situation on the gulf of Salerno as Naples occupies on her own bay, though less picturesquely surrounded in some respects, while it is more so in others. The southern, or rather the eastern, shore of the gulf, especially, is comparatively tame, on account of the flat land bounding the water. The place of our destination was there, still distant some five-and-twenty or thirty miles. Salerno is little more than a roadstead, for vessels of any size; though it has a mole of some extent, behind which smaller craft can lie. The sciroccos have a full rake into this bay; but against all winds from west, northerly round to south-east, there is a tolerable protection.

As the great post-road from Naples to Calabria, (the ancient Appian Way) passes through Salerno, we here took a carriage and three

horses, with which we proceeded, as soon as possible, towards Eboli. The road was excellent, and the scenery enchanting. I can scarcely recall more beautiful pastoral glimpses, of glades and meadows, all relieved by noble oaks, than we passed this evening. The population, too, appeared admirably suited to increase the effect. The dresses were in the highest degree picturesque, though a little rude, and we met few men who did not carry guns. Some even wore short swords. I believe the practice has arisen from the violence of the banditti, who formerly frequented the mountains. The danger of descents by the Barbary corsairs, too, on a coast so favourable, may have had its influence. A pointed, high-crowned hat, occasionally decorated with ribands, leathern gaiters rising to the knees, a jacket a little *à la hussar*, with a gun thrown into the hollow of the arm, at all events, made a man fit for a picture. Although we were not actually in Calabria, the peasants more resembled Calabrians than Neapolitans.

We did not get to Eboli until after dark.

The carriage stopped at an inn without the walls, which had once been a convent. On examining it, we found it little more than a coarse drinking-house, with a table and two or three chairs placed in each cell, most of which were reeking with wine, and the bed-rooms quite as unpromising. It was clear the ladies could not sleep there, and yet it was the best public-house Eboli afforded. From this awkward and uncomfortable situation we were extricated by the kindness and forethought of the consul. That gentleman had bethought him, before leaving Naples, of addressing a note to the Prince of Angra,—who is not only lord of Eboli, but the proprietor of most of the adjacent country,—and had received, in reply, a letter addressed to all the Prince's dependants or stewards, commanding them to put any of his numerous houses at our disposal. The head manager of the estate lived in Eboli, and to his dwelling Mr. Hammett and myself forthwith proceeded. On reading the letter, we were told the castle of Eboli should be immediately put

at our disposition, and that we had only to go and conduct the ladies up to it. This we did not require two invitations to do.

Eboli is a small crowded town, lying against an acclivity, at the foot of the Apennines, and is crowned by the castle, which occupies, as was usual in the middle ages, the highest site. The place is walled, and the streets are rather rapid and irregular. Most of the ancient castle has disappeared, though a few towers remain; but, in its stead, a spacious and comfortable hunting-seat has been erected. We entered a large court, and were conducted by a private way to a large sala, in which a fire was lighted, in a brazier that was placed in the chimney. Around this we gladly gathered, for the cool air of the Apennines was beginning to chill us. A supper was prepared, and we were furnished with good beds and excellent rooms. All was done with great assiduity, and a profound desire to do credit to the lord of Eboli; two or three servants remaining always in the castle, whither, however, the owner seldom comes, and then only to pass a few days.

In the morning I rose betimes, and went out on a terrace to look at the scenery, for the darkness had hid everything from observation the previous night. The elevation of the castle gave it a commanding view, and we were enabled to see most of the country through which we were to travel to reach Pæstum, then distant from us twelve miles.

Eboli stands on the verge of the great plain, that stretches leagues along the sea at this place. This country was probably once fertile, and, of course, healthful, like the Campagna of Rome, or it never would have been occupied as the site of a town like Pæstum. It is now nearly deserted; though there are a few hunting-seats scattered about its surface, which may be occupied in the cool months. Among others is Persano, a house belonging to the king, and which was much frequented by the late sporting monarch, Don Francesco. The sea was visible in the distance; and the site of Pæstum might also be discerned, across a wide reach of plain. This plain was much covered with small

trees in the foreground, though it was more naked nearer to the sea.

After breakfast we left the castle of Eboli, grateful for its hospitality, and very sensible of the politeness by which it had been accorded. The road, for some distance, was beautiful; but it gradually led us upon the plain, where soon little was visible besides bushes. Persano was passed, lying on our left; and then, for miles, it was a country that, while it was not positively pleasant, offered nothing that was positively disagreeable.

Peasants soon began to appear that seemed not only out of their region, but almost out of their hemisphere. The physical peculiarities were certainly European; but in size, tint, and almost dress, they might have passed for Esquimaux. Sheep-skins with the wool on were the favourite jacket; and some actually wore blankets, like our own Indians. The sallow hue made us shudder; for one saw it was not owing to climate and habits, acting through centuries, but to disease. Had the same individual been so happy as to pass his days on the adjacent

mountains, the springs of life would have remained pure: his colour might have been dark under this fierce sun, but it would not have denoted disease; and his days, though numbered, would have reached the allotted time of man. As it was, the fabulous adventurers of the Bohan upas were not more certainly doomed than these poor wretches. The rice fields of Carolina are kind in comparison with these wastes; for those kill, and there is an end of it; and, unlike these, they do not much injure those whose hard fortune compels them to dwell there, but merely those who yield to cupidity, and not to necessity.

On reaching the Silaro, we found the bridge broken, and we had to cross in a boat. The carriage was swamped, and buffaloes were procured to drag it out. In all this country, buffaloes appear to be used instead of oxen. The plains abound with them, and we saw them at work in all directions. Of course, you are naturalist enough to know that the animal familiarly called the buffalo in America, and which furnishes the sleigh-skins, is not the

buffalo, but the bison; the real buffalo differing little from the ox. At Florence oxen are employed, and oxen too of a breed I was very desirous of getting sent to America. They are of a cream colour, a little inclining to the dun, and, besides having a handsome form, are admirably suited to a warm climate, and are the fastest walkers I have ever seen in the yoke. I have frequently walked by their sides, at a quick pace, and have generally found them as nimble as I am myself; nor do I remember ever to have seen one lolling. They are said to fatten kindly, and have a good carcase, though certainly they are a little longer-legged than our own. Their weight might fail a little in the heavy toil of a clearing; but there is a vast deal of lighter American labour in which their qualities would come admirably in use. I was told the breed is Hungarian. I question if the cows are very good milkers; though this may be the result of husbandry and climate, for milk is far more precious and scarcer in Italy than wine, as I have already told you, and good pasture is very scarce—almost unknown.

Passing a house or two of the Prince of Angra, we trotted on by a straight even road, for a league or two farther. The country had become more wild and sterile, though it could be hardly termed a desert. It had the appearance of neglect rather than of barrenness, and, like the Campagna of Rome, doubtless has gotten the upper hand of industry, by having been so long permitted to go uncultivated. The coachman stopped the carriage by a copse of bushes, and told us the spot was the scene of a recent robbery and murder. A newly-married English couple were going into Pæstum, when their carriage was stopped at this place. A lad was stationed with a musket by the copse, while two or three others appeared in the road by the horses' heads. This lad wanted nerves for his task; for on the Englishman's remonstrating, most probably against his holding the gun pointed, he fired, and shot man and wife through their bodies, as they sat side by side. Both were killed, or both died of the wounds, and the robbers were subsequently taken and executed. A hamlet, against the

Apennines, was pointed out to us as the place in which they had lived. It was said, murder formed no part of their original intention. Since that time, however, the police has been much more active, and no robbery has occurred. As for ourselves, the affair of the "runner" between Bologna and Florence has completely removed all uneasiness on the subject.

A few yards beyond the thicket of the robbers, we came to the ruined fragments of a gateway and of walls, and then entered within the precincts of the ancient city of Pæstum. There are three or four modern houses within these walls, one or two of which are of respectable dimensions, belonging to the proprietor of the country, and they injure the effect, although, in the season when one may sleep here with impunity, they contribute to the comfort of a visit. It would have aided the general effect, had the site of the city itself been left to its solitude, and the dwellings might have stood without the walls as well as within them.

The history of Pæstum is not very well settled. It is popularly said to have been built

by a colony of marine adventurers, who named the place after their own particular god, Neptune.* The temples that remain are certainly of very remote antiquity; probably little less ancient, if any, than the Pyramids of Egypt. The Romans got possession of the place, of course, and Augustus is said to have visited the very temples that are now standing, as specimens of ancient architecture! The Saracens destroyed the town about a thousand years since, and it has lain the whole of the intervening time virtually a waste. So completely was the place forgotten and lost, that standing on the coast, and at no great distance from what must have been the great road into Calabria, since the time of Appius Claudius, at least its site was unknown, to the reading and travelling portion of mankind, until the year 1755, when a painter of Naples, who was out sketching from nature, blundered on the ruins, and brought them into notice. This sounds extraordinary in the ears of an American; but a little explanation removes half the causes of wonder.

* Ποσειδῶν.

In the first place, Pæstum, though it stands within a mile of the sea, lies on the eastern side of the gulf of Salerno, and away from the track of all but the small vessels of the adjoining country. The temples are not high, and when first seen by the painter, were said to have been nearly buried in vines and trees. A common Italian is so much accustomed to see ruins, that the peasants of the neighbourhood would not be struck by their existence; things to which we have been habituated appearing always as things of course, and occasioning no surprise. Besides, Pæstum was never a place much noted in history to be sought for, but is principally remarkable for containing a rare specimen of architecture in its ruder state, and for the durability of its works. Perhaps the ruins, concealed in tangled brakes, required the keen eye and cultivated tastes of an artist, to attract the attention necessary to draw them from obscurity. How many hunters, land surveyors, and even land speculators, saw the Falls of Trenton before they were spoken of beyond their own neighbourhood! I can well

recollect the time when I first heard of them as a thing that would well repay the trouble of walking a mile or two to see; and yet it may be questioned if all Europe has a cascade that so well merits a visit;—certainly it has not more than one or two, if it has any.

The size of Pæstum is easily to be seen by the remains of its walls. The guide-books say these walls were once fifty feet high; though I saw nothing that would have led me to believe them so lofty. Parts remain, notwithstanding, in a tolerable state of preservation. Their circuit is stated at two miles, the form being elliptical; and this would give, on the shortest side, a diameter a little exceeding half a mile, which is about the real distance. We have few villages, containing fifteen hundred souls, in America, that do not cover as much ground as this; although we have no edifice to compare with the temples that have stood on this spot, near two thousand years, *as ruins*, even in the largest towns. One of the gates still remains; but it may be questioned if it is as old as the temples. There are also the re-

mains of an amphitheatre, or of a theatre, and of many other edifices that belonged to the civilization of that remote age. It is probable the theatre was Roman.

It sounds odd to speak of antiquity as being comparatively modern, because it was Roman; but comparing the temple of Neptune with anything else of the sort, in Italy, would seem quite out of the question. Its history and its style prove it to be one of the most venerable specimens of human art of which we have any knowledge. The Pyramids themselves are scarcely older. And yet, standing a few hundred feet in its front, and examining the structure, one can scarcely fancy that he sees a blemish on its exterior. The lightning has scathed it; but time appears to have wrought nearly in vain on its massive columns. Some of the interior columns are gone, it is true, and a little of the pediment is broken, but scarcely more than is absolutely necessary to give the structure the air of a ruin.

The temple of Neptune is thought to be the oldest of the remaining edifices of Pæstum, and

it certainly is much the finest, although that called of Ceres belongs to a more advanced taste in architecture. The rudeness of the former, however, accords so admirably with its massiveness, as well as its antiquity, that I believe few people hesitate about giving it the preference. To me, it was much the most impressive, and I had almost said the most imposing, edifice I know. The mind insensibly ran back to other ages as I gazed at the pile, which, like the fresh-looking lava of Ischia, appeared to laugh at human annals. Three centuries since, I said mentally, Columbus discovered half the world, astonishing the inhabitants of the two hemispheres equally, by bringing to each a knowledge of the other. At that period, which more than swallowed the entire history of my own country, this temple lay buried in vines and brambles, the haunt of serpents and birds. Seven centuries would take us back to the period of the English Conquest, when England itself was a nation scarcely emerged from barbarism. Four or five more might carry us back to the age when maraud-

ers from the East laid waste the sickly town that had succeeded the city of the original colonists, when the past, to even its people, seemed remote and obscure. Four or five centuries more would take us up to the Romans, who came to see this temple as an object of wonder, and as a curious relic of distant ages. Another thousand years would probably bring us to the period when the priests officiated at the altar, and homage was paid to one of the attributes of Divine power, through the mysticisms of heathen allegory. What a speck does the history of America become in this long vista of events—what a point the life and adventures of a single man! And yet even this temple does not reach to the last great convulsion, when the earth was virtually destroyed, and animal life may be said to have taken a new commencement: at the next even the temple of Neptune will disappear.

Some astronomers, by calculating the epochas of a particular and a remarkable comet, that which was last seen in 1681, suppose it possible that it may have struck the earth about the

time of the Deluge, causing that phenomenon, and producing most of those physical changes that certainly have altered the face of the earth, destroying many of its animals, and which may have actually given it new revolutions. Admitting that this theory is substantially true,—and it is as likely to be so as any other that has been broached,—we may regard the temple of Neptune as one of the best specimens of architecture that succeeded the new civilization. At all events, it is something even to fancy one has seen a work of human art that may be esteemed a standard of human skill three thousand years ago.

A good deal has been written about the scenery of Pæstum, which is certainly not unsuited to the ruins. It would be better without the half-dozen modern dwellings, perhaps; but the mind takes little heed of these intruders, when once occupied with the temples. There is something too engrossing in the study of structures like these, to admit of interruption. The plain is not a desert, but it is covered rather with the luxuriant vegetation of

weeds, that associate with the spot the idea of wildness, instead of that of solitude. In this respect, the Pyramids are the most sublime; for there nature, and even vegetation, appear to have gone to decay, while the works of man endure. Still, there are a homeliness and familiarity in the wastes of Pæstum, that suit the nature of the ruins better, perhaps, than a plain of sand. The site of each class of ruins is suited to its particular character. This is a town, and the fancy endeavours to people its streets, to crowd the altar, and to imagine the thousand familiar objects and scenes that once enlivened its avenues. The tangled brake, the wild flower, the luxuriant and negligent vine, while they are eloquent on the subject of solitude, comport well with such recollections. In Egypt the grandeur of the desolation, with the interminable and sterile plains, better suit the magnificence of the works, and the mystery that conceals their origin and history. *Au reste,* the moral of the *entourage* of Pæstum is different from that of the Pyramids; for the Apennines form a distant but beautiful amphitheatre on

one side, while the blue Mediterranean on the other, the "eternal hills," and "the great sea" of antiquity, exhibit all the glories of their nature, as they hover over and around these memorials of man.

We sat down to the most disgusting and the nastiest meal at Pæstum I ever saw served; but nothing besides wine would seem to be fit for use at the place. Our host did credit to the latter; and he frankly admitted that, without plenty of good warm liquor, life was a slippery tenure on this plain. What a happy apology for one who takes kindly to the remedy! Several miserable-looking wretches, in whom life seemed to be withering hourly, came round the hovel, and he pointed to them as proofs of the truth of his theory.

We did not return to Eboli, but proceeded direct to Salerno, on our return, reaching that place just as night closed. The inn at this place struck me as being more thoroughly foreign and strange than any I had yet been in. The grand *sala* was in the centre of the house, and almost without external light. It

also answered the purposes of a kitchen ; the travellers, who were seated around the vast room, eating by dim lamps, enjoying the advantage of whetting their appetites by the aid of the flavours of the different dishes. We succeeded in obtaining three rooms, in one of which, that afterwards served me for a bed-room, we contrived to eat a very unscientific supper.

After a better breakfast the next morning, we proceeded by land, taking the road to Pompeii. The route was beautiful, running over mountains and through gorges, with brilliant views of the sea ; for we had now to cross the broken range of the Apennines, that separates the two bays, and which forms the promontory of Sorrento. The cliffs near Salerno were truly magnificent, and a hermitage or two on their giddy shelves put everything of the sort we had seen, even in Switzerland, to shame.

One of the great charms of Italy is the manner in which the most picturesque sites are thus occupied. Pinnacles, peaks, rocks, terraces, that, in other countries, the traveller might feel disposed to embellish by some struc-

ture, in his fancy, poetical alike in its form and uses, are here actually occupied, and frequently by objects whose beauty surpasses even the workings of the imagination. Of this character was the extraordinary scene already mentioned, in the island of Ischia. Then the softness of the atmosphere and the skies throw a charm over all, that to comprehend, one must be acquainted with the effect of light in low latitudes.

There were a great many small isolated towers standing along the ridges and sides of the mountains, which, I was told, were used for the field-sports of the King, though in what way I cannot tell you. The mountains between Castel-a-mare and Sorrento also have several. If I understood the explanation, they are not intended for hunting or shooting-seats, for which they are too small and too numerous, but merely as stands to shoot from! This may be set down as royal poaching.

Our visit to Pompeii was short, though we nearly made the circuit of the walls. The amphitheatre is built against these walls, at one

end; for, standing on its uppermost point, I found I looked out of the city. The house of the fountain was now completely disinterred, and we saw a few small domestic articles that had been found in the ashes. I was more strongly impressed than ever, at this visit, with the notion of restoring and furnishing entire one of the best of the houses; a thing that might be done from the Royal Museum with tolerable success. Even a respectable approach to the truth would be infinitely interesting.

I must still think that a portion of the town of the greatest interest, as respects private dwellings, remains to be explored. I believe that the street parallel to that of the Appian Way will yet, when opened, offer some dwelling suited to this plan of restoration, and that by proper care the walls and paintings may be preserved. It would be better to open a house with this express intention, than to attempt restoring one of those that has long been exposed to the air.

From Pompeii we went to Castel-a-mare. This town stands near the ancient site of Sta-

biæ, which was also destroyed by the eruption of the year 79. The King has a favourite country palace on the heights behind the town; it is called *Quì si sane,** a name that answers to the *Sans Souci* of Frederic, though of a different signification. We saw, a short time since, the royal squadron on its way from Naples to Castel-a-mare, the King having several vessels that he uses as yachts. One was a ship, and there were also a brig and a schooner. There is a schooner now lying at Naples, that was seized under the decrees of Murat, which was formerly appropriated to the same purposes. Since my arrival here, I have heard an interesting fact coupled with these seizures, on authority so good that I give it credit.

When the proposition to seize these vessels was made to Murat, he resisted it, on the ground that it was a species of piracy, a breach of faith that could not be tolerated for a moment by any independent nation, and *that immediate war would be the consequence.* His minister knew America better than his mas-

* "*Here one is cured,*" literally translated.

ter: "*America will not declare war, sire, for it is a country of traders, and these are men who will not consent to lose their present profits for the maintenance of a principle.* It is true, in the end something will be done, for no nation can submit to such an aggression; but at present it will be nothing but talk. Hereafter, Naples may have to make compensation; but your majesty needs money, and we can consider this as a forced loan." The counsel was followed, and we now know how true was the minister's prediction. This person was wrong in his general estimate of the American nation, but perfectly right in that of its merchants, who have the character common to all in trade. They never look beyond the day. It is our misfortune to have no towns but trading towns, and, consequently, no collected influence to resist their published opinions and interested clamour, which are fast tending to a misconception, and to a displacing of all the interests of life. Thus it is we find men treating commerce, which is merely an incident of human affairs, as a principal, and struggling to

make everything, even morals and laws, subservient to its ends, and this, too, without a due regard to means. This class of citizens overawe those presses which have the greatest circulation, and by acting in concert, and with available means, form a powerful, and, more especially, a clamorous resistance, to anything that thwarts, or which they fancy thwarts, their interests. The commercial class of America, as a class, will ever be found in opposition to any administration that loyally carries out the intention of the government; for that intention is indissolubly connected with great principles, whereas their bias has ever been to expedients that are temporary and fluctuating, or to the policy that suits the prevailing interest of the hour. Trade, liable to so many vicissitudes and sudden reverses, never can have any higher code of principles.

I cannot express to you the sensations which crowded my mind as, seated on the mole at Naples, I regarded the schooner in question; a vessel that had been wrested, without even the pretence of legality, from an American citizen,

to contribute to the pleasures of the king of this country. Of what avails it that one is an American? His property is taken from him by violence, his person outraged, and if he complains so as seriously to bring in danger the relations of his country, the chances are more than equal that his character would follow his property, if no other means offered to protect, as it is termed, the interests of trade. What aggravates the wrong, is the fact that a large portion of the class who have given this false direction to the public policy are not even Americans, but foreigners who assume the American character merely to advance their fortunes, and who are always ready to throw it aside when there is a question of national pride, or of national disgrace.

For myself, a near view of the effects of these wrongs, and a consideration of the policy and feelings that have succeeded them, has destroyed all confidence in the protection of my native country. I deem the national character of no more use or service to me, as a traveller beyond the influence of his own laws, than if I

were an Esquimaux. I know that others of more experience,—I may say, of *bitter* experience,—have the same feeling. I declare solemnly, were I a merchant, and were my vessel seized by any power of sufficient force to render a contest with it of momentary importance to trade, that, so far from believing myself protected by my flag,—unless, indeed, I could call to my immediate succour some of those gallant and right-feeling men who command the cruisers, who are ready enough to assert the honour and rights of the flag, but who are oftener reproached than commended, however, when they *do* discover a proper spirit of this nature, — I should conceive I had made a good escape by compromising with the aggressor for one half, instead of appealing to the government for protection.

There is a great deal of vapouring in the papers about the protection of the flag; but I am perfectly persuaded that my feeling is the feeling of a large majority of the Americans abroad. I do not believe one in ten has the smallest reliance on the spirit, wisdom, patriotism, or jus-

tice of the government at home. By government, I mean that body which alone possesses any efficient authority in such cases, which is Congress. Were I personally to be brought under the displeasure of any of these governments, I would sooner seek the protection of a Russian, or even of a French, than of an American minister, unless my personal relations with the latter were such as to render me confident of his support. On those diplomatic men who look forward to political advancement at home, I should have no dependance at all, as a rule, (I admit the character of the individual might influence his conduct,) for such men, as a class, regard the clamour of the most clamorous, far more than either principles or their duties.

This is a sore spot in the American character, and a blot on the American name. I once thought differently, for I followed my feelings rather than my knowledge; but observation and reflection have taught me to think as I now think. What renders the consciousness of this false policy most of all bitter, is the cer-

tainty that the heart of the nation is sound, its bones and sinews being as ready as those of any people on earth to maintain a true and a spirited policy. But they are neutralized by the congregated and arrogant interests of trade. Let any wrong of this nature be fairly laid before the nation, in the spirit of honesty and truth, and nine men in ten will be ready to avenge the honour or to justify the rights of the republic; but politicians do not, or will not see this truth, and they invariably point to the towns and the presses of the merchants. I have had several conversations on this very topic with diplomatic men in Europe, and have not found one who was not under this malign and unmanly fear, and insomuch unfit for his trust.*

* The experiment of a right course has since been tried. A President of a strong will has made a tardy attempt to rescue the honour and character of the nation, and, favoured by circumstances, he has partially succeeded. The treaty with France has not been complied with, according to either its spirit or its letter; but it has been enough so to satisfy those who had lost all hope. It has not been complied with, because the money stipulated to be paid with interest has not been paid according to those stipulations, making a difference against the claimants of more than a million. But what was the course of Congress, under the circumstances of a violated treaty, in addition to the original outrage!

This is not the popular manner of regarding these things, I know; but I am writing to tell you what, at least, I conceive to be, under the deepest conviction of my responsibilities as a man, the naked truth. The day will come when these opinions will be believed, the political ephemera of the hour having withered, died, and become forgotten, notwithstanding the charlatanism and laboured industry of the Tacituses of the day.

LETTER XIX.

Passage to Naples in a heavy gale. — Street amusements at Naples. — The Mole. — Shipping and Vessels of War. — Neapolitan Skies. — Effect of Sunset. — The Museum. — Process of unrolling and decyphering the Herculaneum MSS. — Liberality of Government in carrying on the investigations. — Familiar articles found in the ruins. — Suggestions for the improvement of American Coinage. — Moral evidence of articles deposited in the Museum.

THE November of Sorrento proved a rough visiter, and we were driven to cluster around the solitary fire-place of the *Casa detta del Tasso.* We resisted every inducement to remove, until the *tramontane* got to be so marrow-chilling, that the alternative lay between total defeat and flight. We chose the latter, preferring abandoning the place we loved so well, to being chilled into mummies. The cold might have been resisted, had the house been in good repair, and suited to a winter's residence; but, as

the cook had possession of one of our two fire-places, the other proved insufficient for our wants. This letter is consequently written from Naples. You are not to fancy a freezing cold by this account, but one that was excessively chilling; and this the more so, from the circumstance that our house was fully exposed to the north winds, standing, as it did, on the northern edge of the plain, with the entire bay between us and the Apennines.

The day we quitted Sorrento, the wind blew so heavily from the east, that the people of the *Divina Providenza* looked surprised when we presented ourselves at the *Marinella*, in readiness to embark. They knew the bay better than I did; for, judging by the force of the gale and sea *within* the curvature of our shore, I thought we might make the passage without any risk. Finding us ready to proceed, however, the fine fellows made no objection, but stood out boldly into the gulf. At the distance of a mile or two from the cliffs, we took the whole force of the wind; and really there were a few minutes when I thought of putting back.

All our previous boating was a fair-weather frolic, compared to this.

The wind drew through the pass between Vesuvius and Castel-a-mare like a pair of bellows, and the sea, at times, almost laid our little sparanaro on her side. The vessel, however, was admirably handled, and, by watching the sheet, which was eased off in the puffs, we wellowed across the opening, luffing up to our course handsomely, until we made the lee of the mountain. Here we literally found a calm, and were compelled to use the oars! We had no sooner swept by the base of the mountain, however, than we took the breeze again, stiff as ever, but without the disagreeable attendant of rough water. Notwithstanding the delay of the calm, we made the passage in a little more than two hours.

We are in private lodgings here. Of course, you understand by private lodgings, not a dwelling that differs from a tavern, with a *table d'hôte*, only in name, but an *apartment*, as it is termed, in which we have everything, from the kitchen to the parlour, to ourselves. The Ame-

rican "boarding-house" does exist in Europe, certainly, but it is scarcely in favour. We are near the mole and the Toledo, and have been passing the month in doing Naples more effectually than we could do it in the first visit.

The place is inexhaustible in street amusements. I never tire of wandering about it, but find something to amuse me at every turn. In one quarter, the population appear literally to live in the open air, and we have driven through a street in which cooking, eating, wrangling, dancing, singing, praying, and all other occupations, were going on at the same moment. I believe I mentioned this in the first visit, but I had not then fallen on the real scene of out-door fun. The horses could not move off a walk, as we went through this street; and their heads, suddenly thrust into the centre of a *ménage*, appeared to produce no more derangement than a puff from a smoky chimney in one of our own kitchens.

But the mole is the spot I most frequent. Besides the charm of the port, which to me is inexhaustible, small as the place is, we have all

sorts of buffoons there. One recites poetry, another relates stories, a third gives us Punch and Judy, who, in this country, bear the more musical names of Polichinello and Giulietta, or some other female name equally sonorous, while all sorts of antics are cut by boys. The shipping is not very numerous, though it has much of the quaintness and beauty of the Mediterranean rig. The vessels of war lie behind the mole also, and they show, plain enough, that the fleet of Naples is no great matter. The ships of the line could scarcely cope with modern frigates; and one or two of the latter, though prettily moulded vessels enough, are not much heavier than large sloops of the present day.

A daughter of the King, the Princess Christina, has just married her uncle, the King of Spain, and a frigate is about to sail with a portion of the royal *trousseau*. I have visited this vessel, which is a pretty ship, and I feel persuaded that this nation, with its materials, could it bear the expense in money, might easily become a naval power to command respect in this sea. The country is all coast, has an uncom-

monly fine population, in a physical sense at least, and wants only the moral qualities necessary to carry out such a plan.

The weather changed soon after we came to Naples, and it has taught us what is really meant by Neapolitan skies. Until the middle of October, I had no notion of the extent of their beauty, which, though not absolutely unknown to us, is of a kind that we know the least. There is a liquid softness in the atmosphere, during the autumnal months, that you must have observed, for we are not without it in America. By this, however, I do not mean, the bright genial days of September and October, that are vulgarly praised as the marks of a fine autumn, but the state of the air, which renders everything soft, and lends prismatic colours, in particular, to the horizon, morning and evening. These colours are quite unlike the ordinary gorgeousness of an American sunset, being softer, more varied, and quicker in their transitions. I have often seen them, in October and November, near the American coast, when at sea, in latitudes as low as 40°:

but they are by no means frequent on shore: still we have them, though seldom, perhaps never, in the perfection they are seen here.

You will smile at my old passion for fine skies and landscape scenery, but I have climbed to the castle of St. Elmo a dozen times within the last month to see the effect of the sunset. Just as the day disappears, a soft rosy tint illumines the base of Vesuvius, and all the crowded objects of the coast, throwing a glow on the broad Campagna that enables one almost to fancy it another Eden. While these beautiful transitions are to be seen on the earth, the heavens reflect them, as the cheek of a young girl reflects the rose in her bosom. Of the hues of the clouds at such moments, it is impossible to speak clearly, for they appear supernatural. At one time the whole concave is an arch of pearl; and this perhaps is succeeded by a blush as soft and as mottled as that of youth; and then a hundred hues become so blended, that it is scarcely possible to name or to enumerate them. There is no gorgeousness, no dazzling of the eye in all this, but a polished

softness that wins as much as it delights the beholder. Certainly, I have never seen sunsets to compare with these, on shore, before this visit to Naples; though at sea, in low latitudes, they are more frequent, I allow.

I presume these are the peculiar charms of the Italian skies, of which the poets and painters have spoken from time immemorial. The American who runs in and out of Naples nine months in the year, although he may see beautiful transitions of light in the heavens, can know nothing of these particular beauties unless he happen to hit the right months.

I have said nothing of the Museum, which contains the articles found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, because travellers have written so much about them, that little remains to be said. We have witnessed the slow, nice, and one might almost say, bootless task of unrolling the manuscripts found at the latter place, and it certainly speaks well for the patience of mankind, and of the disposition of this government to encourage learning. I say, found at Herculaneum, for I believe none have been

found at Pompeii, nor would they be burned like these had any been found there.

All the manuscripts of the ancients appear to have been kept on wooden rollers: if any were folded in the manner of the modern book, I have not seen them. The heat of the lava has reduced the parchments or papyrus of those found at Herculaneum to a state so near that of cinder or ashes, that a breath of wind will commonly separate the fibres. Still they exist in scrolls, and the object is to unroll them, in order to get a sight of the writing. Fortunately, an ancient manuscript's legibility does not depend at all on the chirography of the author. As printing was unknown, of course all works that were thought worthy of publication, if such a term can properly be applied to such a state of things, were properly written out by regular copyists, in a large fair hand, that was nearly as legible, if not quite as legible, as large type. If anything remarkable is ever to be discovered among the manuscripts of Herculaneum, we shall be indebted to this practice for its possession. As yet, I believe

nothing of particular merit, or of particular value, either in the way of art or history, has been found.

To return to the process, which is sufficiently simple in practice, though difficult to be understood from a verbal or written description. The wooden scroll is secured, in a way that admits of its turning, at the bottom of a small frame that resembles, a little, one of the ordinary frames on which females extend their needle-work. This frame is secured. Threads of silk are attached to screws in the upper part of the frame, and their lower ends are made to adhere to the outer end of the manuscript, by means of the white of eggs and goldbeater's skin. These threads, of which there are several along the edge of the manuscript, are tightened gently, by means of the screws, like fiddle-strings, and then the workman commences separating the folds by inserting the thin blade of a paper instrument. If the manuscript has a hole, or it yields, it is strengthened by applying goldbeater's skin. It is gradually—and very gradually, as you may

suppose—unrolled by tightening the threads, until a piece is raised as high as the frame, where it is examined by a man of letters and carefully copied. The letters, owing to the chemical properties of the ink, are more easily distinguished than one would at first imagine. The colour is all black, or a dark brown; but the letters are traced by a species of cavities in the substance,—or perhaps it were better to say, by offering a different surface,—for the whole fabric is almost reduced to the consistence of gossamer. The unrolled manuscript has more or less holes in it, and the vacancies in the text are to be guessed at.

We saw people busily employed in all the stages of the process. Some were mere mechanics, others scholars capable of reading the Latin, and of detecting the more obscure words, as well as of comprehending the abbreviations. The first copy, I believe, in all instances, is a fac-simile; after which it is turned over to a higher class of scholars, to have the vacuums in the text conjectured if possible, and for commentaries and examination.

This operation has now been going on for years, with extraordinary zeal and patience. The Americans who travel in this country are a little too apt to deride the want of "energy" in the government, and a large class falls into the puerile mistake of fancying it patriotism to boast of what we could do under the same circumstances. Certainly, I shall not pretend to compare the benefits of any other political system, *as a whole,* with those of our own, nor do I object to throwing the truth into the teeth of those who ignorantly contemn everything American; but we have our weak spots as well as our neighbours, and I very much question if any Congress could be found sufficiently imbued with a love of learning, or sufficiently alive to its benefits even to our own particular and besetting motive, gain, to persevere in voting funds, year after year, to carry on the investigations that are now making in Naples. Neither a love of the fine arts nor a love of learning has yet made sufficient progress in America to cause the nation to feel or to understand the importance of both on gene-

ral civilization, without adverting to their influence on the happiness of man, the greatest object of all just institutions. We have too many omissions of our own to throw about us these sneers indiscriminately.

The number of manuscripts that has been found in different places is said to exceed two or three thousand; though it is probable many are duplicates. The greater portion of them, too, are past decyphering; as would have been the case with all, had the ancients used no better paper than the moderns. England, it is true, might possibly resist an eruption; but as for France and America, and Germany, and Italy herself, the heat of the volcano, in an ordinary time, would almost destroy their cobweb fabrics, if exposed to it anywhere near the crater.

The collection of familiar articles found in the ruins, and collected in the museum, is of great interest; but the publications concerning them are so minute, that a description by me is unnecessary. I was much struck with the beauty of the forms, and with the classical

nature of the ornaments. Thus, the weights of steel-yards, and many other things of the most familiar uses, are in the shape of heads, most probably busts, and possibly commemorative of the distinguished men of the country.

America might do something in this way that should speak well for the sentiment and tastes of the nation. Alter the coin, for instance, which is now the ugliest in Christendom. The same may almost be said of the flag; though it is not an easy matter to make one uglier than some one sees here. Could the miserable hermaphrodite yclept Liberty that now disfigures the American coin be replaced by the heads of those citizens who have become justly eminent, the expedient would be a worthy substitute for that of statues and medals. To have one's head on the coin, would possess all the advantages of a patent of nobility, free from the evils. To prevent abuses, the solemn votes of the States might be taken, unanimity as States required, and the honour postponed until the party had been dead half a century. This, you know, is the mode in which the Ro-

mish Church makes saints. These honours might be graduated too, giving to the most illustrious the honours of the gold, to the next those of the silver, and to another those of the copper coin. The *quasi*, or ephemeral great, might still figure on the bank notes, as they do to-day. We could begin with Washington and Franklin, two names of which Rome herself might have been proud, in the best days of the republic. The copper coin might, in due time, take most of the Presidents, on which, I fancy, they would very generally be placed by posterity. Perhaps old John Marshall might work his way up to the silver; though I fear original thinkers are too rare in America to resist the influence of fifty years. *The American* jurist is yet to make his appearance.

What should we do with Jefferson under such a plan? Put him on the gold — certainly not. He was too much a party man for that. Even Franklin would get there as a physical philosopher, and not as a moral philosopher, or even as a politician; for as the first of these last he was too mean, and for the second too managing.

John Jay might get up to the silver; certainly, had he not retired so early; and as to integrity and motives, he merits the gold. Jefferson might get on the silver, but I fear it would be with some alloy. Poor Hamilton, whose talents and honesty deserve the gold, would fail after all; or, at least, he would get on the *reverse* of the coin, because he was elsewhere on the wrong side.

A great deal of poetic justice might be thrown into the scheme, you see. I fear we should have to import a few hogsheads of *cowries* from Africa, for the *oi polloi* of American greatness. It clearly would never do to trust the decision to Congress, as every man in it would vote for his neighbour, on condition that his neighbour voted for him. The coin might want *rolling*, but it should not be "*log-rolling*."

To treat a grave matter seriously, the tastes of the ancients are fast producing an influence on the tastes of the moderns; most of the beautiful forms that are embellishing the bronzes of France and Italy being directly derived from models found at Pompeii and Herculaneum.

One is a little puzzled with the moral evidence of many of the articles in the Museum. It is not easy to say whether they prove extreme depravity of taste and great dissoluteness of manners, or extreme innocence and simplicity. Taking Juvenal and Ovid as guides, it is to be feared the first is the true solution. The proofs are of the most extraordinary kind, and quite on a level with those which Captain Cook found in some of the South Sea Islands. But the world of the nineteenth century, in decency, whatever it may be in facts, is not the world of any other era. The frescos of Andrea del Sarto, in the *loggie* of churches even, and the tastes of the *Divine* Raphael himself, to say nothing of that of his scholars, sufficiently show this.

It is startling to see *rouge*, play-tickets, knives, spoons, and other familiar things, that were used two thousand years ago. Every one is surprised to see how little these articles have been changed. As to the *rouge*, it is not surprising, for it is a relic of barbarism, and nations cease to use it as they approach

nearest to the highest civilization. It is said that no lancets have been found; from which some infer that bleeding was unknown to the ancients, who may have used leeches and cupped. Forks, also, are said to have been unknown. I do not remember to have seen any. Of course, there was no silver-fork school; a singular blessing for a common-sense people.

I think it quite evident, from the articles in the Museum, as well as from the houses in Pompeii, that the ancients were much in advance of the moderns in many matters, and as much behind them in others. In most things pertaining to beauty of forms, and what may be termed the poetry of life, the advantage would seem to have been with them; but it is scarcely exaggerated to say, that one may detect the absence of the high morality introduced by Christ, in a great portion of their habits. Domestic life does not appear to have been enjoyed and appreciated as it is now; though I confess this is drawing conclusions from rather slender premises.

The Romans, like the French, lived much in

public: and yet the English, who lay such high claims to domesticity, do not cherish the domestic affections to the same degree as these very French. It is quite possible to enjoy baths, forums, public promenades, theatres, and circuses, and yet have no passion for celibacy, club-houses, and separate establishments. The Americans, who have less publicity than common in their pleasures, have scarcely any domestic privacy, on account of "the neighbours;" while the French have actually a species of family legislation, and a species of patriarchal government, that is both beautiful and salutary.

LETTER XX.

Departure for Rome.—Campagna Felice.—Aqueduct and Palace of Caserta.—Capua.—Sessa.—The Appian Way, and Bridge upon it.—Gaeta.—Cicero's death.—Terracina.—The Pontine Marshes.—Peasants mistaken for Banditti.—Velletri.—Albano.—The Campagna of Rome.—Distant view of the City.—Entrance by the gate of St. John.—St. Peter's.—Vastness of the fabric.

Our time was up, and we reluctantly relinquished our hold of the "*pezzo di cielo caduto in terra.*" The weather had got to be wintry and wet, however, — a season in which Naples appears to the least advantage; and then we had Rome before us, — a pleasure that few travellers who have been in Italy near fifteen months can anticipate. Although accident and the weather have in a great measure controlled our movements, I believe we have fallen on the pleasantest course, as we have kept the best for the last.

A gentleman of Rome having occasion to

send his carriage back, we took that in addition to our own, and by the aid of two teams belonging to a Savoyard, were enabled to set every body, and, what has got to be almost as serious a matter, every *thing*, in motion. As the day was well advanced before the caravan could move, we had named Capua as the end of the first day's march, making a *détour*, however, in order to visit the palace and aqueduct of Caserta.

The latter was the place first seen; the road leading us directly across the plain which is so well termed the Campagna Felice. This plain is covered with habitations, like the great plain of Lombardy, and, although so desirable to the agriculturist, is a little tame to the traveller. However, as it rained most of the way, we lost little by its monotony.

We entered the Apennines by the valley of the aqueduct, amid very beautiful scenery. This aqueduct, or the portion of it that travellers come to see, is merely a bridge to span the valley; but it is on a scale so magnificent as to excite wonder. Apart from this, the structure is

no great matter, being under ground; but the portion thrown across the valley is on a truly regal scale. The work is of bricks, beautifully laid, and is a succession of arches in rows, one standing on another, to the number of three. I cannot tell you the precise dimensions, for my guide-books say nothing of it; but I should think it near half a mile long, and two hundred feet high, a noble mass of masonry. It is easier to admire it, than to comprehend its necessity. The water is for the use of the palace of Caserta, and it is difficult to suppose a trunk of the necessary height might not be made sufficiently strong to contain a small column of water, or to see the necessity of crossing a hill which was easily turned.

I believe this is esteemed the second work of its kind now in existence; that at Lisbon alone ranking before it. I have rarely seen a structure that has so forcibly impressed me with the sense of its vastness. It is, in short, literally bridging a valley. We ascended to the road, after walking under and among the arches, and overlooked a fine view, in the direction of Na-

ples. The weather had become pleasant, but the recent rain had set the mists in motion, and we got a glimpse of Italy in a new character. The valley was not large, but exceedingly pretty; and the road by which we had come wound through it, passing beneath the centre of the aqueduct. Our carriages had taken it, and were winding their way out of the valley, up to our own level, in order to rejoin us. The effect of the whole was both noble and soft; for the distant bay, Capri, Vesuvius, and the Campagna, were all bathed in the glories of a fine sunlight, relieved by fleecy mists. The road on the summit of the aqueduct is wide enough to receive the equipages of the King, who had passed over not long before we were there. The trunk for the water was by no means large.

The route from the aqueduct is very beautiful. It winds among the mountains and through valleys, and is constructed as a royal drive, leading merely to the aqueduct. Caserta, as a town, is not large; though the palace is one of the finest in Europe. The latter stands on a perfectly level plain, with no other view than can

be got from the windows, and that of the Apennines, which are too near for effect, or indeed to be seen to advantage, the nearest heights concealing the more lofty ranges in the distance. This palace is said to owe its existence to the pride of Charles III, who, irritated at having been menaced by an English fleet which ran under the walls of his residence in Naples, and threatened to lay it in ruins unless the demands of its government were complied with, declared he would build a palace where no insolent foe could insult him. In this respect, Caserta has certainly the advantage of both Castel-a-mare and Portici; but this is all, unless the magnificence of the unfinished structure be included. The gardens, however, are extensive, and there is probably good shooting in the mountains.

The great staircase of the palace of Caserta is much the finest thing of its kind in Europe. It is noble, beautiful, sufficiently light, and admirably proportioned as well as ornamented. The state-rooms are good, though not more than half finished. But what palace in Europe *is*

finished? There may be a few, but I suspect that most are not. The Louvre is half a waste, the Pitti has its uncovered arches mouldering with time, and this of Caserta has not more than half of the best rooms in a state fit to be used: still there are enough for so small a kingdom, and more than are furnished. The palace on the exterior is a parallelogram, of seven or eight hundred feet, by five or six hundred. Internally, it has a beautiful distribution of courts, clustered round a central nucleus, which nucleus contains the celebrated staircase. The staircase is on the plan of that in the City Hall, New York, or a single flight at the bottom, which is divided into two after the landing.

From Caserta we proceeded to Capua, where we passed the night. Some ruins of no great moment, that are immediately on the highway, are thought to point out the site of ancient Capua, the modern town being about a mile distant. The latter is a mean dirty town, and certainly was not the place that detained Hannibal so long.—By the way, this much-talked-of delay was probably no more than the com-

mon expedient of falling back from a wasted to a fertile country to recruit, and, in all probability, was quite as much owing to exhaustion, as to a demoralization of another kind. It is far more likely that his army corrupted Capua, than that Capua corrupted his army.

The only specimen we had of Capuan luxury was a guitar at supper. Finding we had lived in Florence, the musician gave us a song in honour of "*Firenze, bella città.*" The guide-books say this word, Firenze, means a red lily in the Etruscan dialect, and it is certain that there is a lily in its arms. The arms of the Medici are literally *pills*, — three *pills*, which were emblazoned all over the place. It is a pity these pills are not a little more active, activity being all that Tuscany wants.

We left Capua betimes next day, and, after driving some ten or twelve miles, came to the termination of the Campagna Felice. This plain is certainly very beautiful; and its northern termination we thought the most beautiful of all, for it had much the character of park scenery. We stopped to breakfast at a place

called St. Agata, which was scarcely more than a tavern. A small town called Sessa, known to be the ancient Suessa Auruncorum, a Roman station, lies against the base of the Apennines, about a mile distant. Between this town and St. Agata, is a broad avenue-like road; and a noble bridge is thrown across a small stream and a hollow on the way. When we had breakfasted, I proposed to A—— to walk ahead of the carriages as far as this town, which is said to contain some antiquities. We had got into its principal street, when I perceived that the pavement was up, and that there was no visible passage around the spot. Surprised at finding a post-road in such a state, I inquired of the workmen in what manner our carriages were to get through. We were told that the road did not pass in this direction at all, but that it went *round* the corner of the inn, at right angles to the broad avenue. Of course we had walked a mile at right angles to the true road; and on looking back, we perceived that the party had gone on, undoubtedly under the impression that we were in advance of them.

Nothing remained but to turn and retrace our steps, in order to get on the proper road, as the carriages would certainly return on finding that they did not overtake us. Luckily a priest was passing, mounted on an ass, and he overheard the dialogue with the paviours. Understanding our dilemma, he kindly offered to put us on a path which led diagonally into the post-road, and by which we should save a mile.

This road was little more than a bridle-path, leading among bushes and through a thicket. At first I was too eager to get on, to look about me; but, after walking a quarter of a mile along it, I was struck with the magnitude of the stones with which the path was still partly paved, though long intervals occurred in which there was no pavement at all. Pointing to these stones, I was about to ask an explanation, when the good father nodded his head, with a smile, and said significantly, "*Via Appia.*" We had thus blundered on near a mile of the Appian Way, the greater part of which was still in tolerable condition, though in part overgrown with bushes! I knew that the post-road be-

tween Rome and Salerno, and indeed still farther south, ran, much of the way, over this old road; but the latter is buried, in a way not to be seen. Here it was above ground, and just as much the Appian Way as the bits that are seen at Pompeii and Pozzuoli. At the further end of this fragment of the celebrated road, is a bridge of some length; but, unfortunately, the priest had left us before we reached it, and I could not inquire as to its date. It certainly belongs to the Appian Way; but the architecture struck me as being that of the middle ages rather than that of Rome, for it has a strong resemblance to those ruins of which I saw so many on the shores of the gulf of Genoa, and which, I believe, are known to date from the latter period. It was long, narrow, and of irregular construction, but appeared as solid as the day it was built.

This bridge is within a few rods of the post-road, and travellers, by inquiring for the by-way to Sessa, when they get within a mile or a mile and a half of the post-house at St. Agata, can at any time see it by a delay of ten mi-

nutes,—and, with it, the first specimen of the Appian Way that remains paved and above ground, I believe, north of Capua. None of my guide-books speak of it, and I presume we are among the first strangers who have seen it. The stones of the pavement are large and irregularly shaped, like those of Pompeii.

We had other interesting objects, and more ruins, after we found the carriages, which turned back to meet us at a spot that is thought to have been the ancient Minturnum. The Garigliano, which flows by this place, was the Liris, the stream that separated Magna Græcia from Latium.

We slept at Mola di Gaeta. The inn was beautifully placed on the gulf, and was reasonably good. The town of Gaeta is a short distance farther advanced, on a peninsula, which curves in a way to make a sort of port in front of Mola. Æneas has the credit of having founded Gaeta.

The next morning we passed a tomb, which vulgar report supposes to be erected on the spot where Cicero fell. He certainly was killed

somewhere near this, and it is as likely to be here, as at another spot; although, if I remember the history of that event, he is said to have been attempting to escape in his litter *along the shore*, when overtaken and slain, and these remains do not stand literally on the shore, but at some distance from it. As *littus* means a coast, as well as the immediate beach, perhaps the difficulty may be got over.

The road now entered the mountains, which here buttress the Mediterranean, and we passed the spot occupied by the Neapolitan army in the late Austrian invasion. The position was strong, and most of the works remain; but no position can resist treachery. Fondi, a small crowded town in a valley, came next; and soon after, we reached a small tower by the roadside, which marks the boundaries between the kingdom of Naples and the States of the Church. The road, for several leagues, is very solitary; and, the Apennines with their glens and forests bounding it on all sides, this is the spot at which robbery is most apprehended. We passed unscathed, however, and without a sensation of

uneasiness on my part, though there was among us so good a prize for the mountains.

Our halting-place for the night was Terracina, which is placed beautifully on the very margin of the sea, beneath the mountains. At this spot was the ancient Anxur, a city of the Volscians, and it is still rich in ruins of different kinds. Among other things are the remains of a port built by Antoninus Pius, which might still be used, did not the great essential, water, fail. The mole is of bricks, and the cement must have been as good as the material. Here our effects were examined, and were permitted to pass, though the books were regarded a little distrustfully. This caution is of little use; for several of the works known to be proscribed,—such as the "Prince" of Machiavelli, for instance,—were to be had even in Naples, without any difficulty.

We left Terracina *on empty stomachs*, notwithstanding the advice of the guide-books, and immediately afterwards entered among the formidable Pontine Marshes. The length of these marshes is more than twenty miles, and

their breadth varies from six to twelve. The lowest side is near Terracina, where their waters find an outlet in the sea. Instead of being the waste I had expected to find them, the parts near the road were in meadows, covered with buffaloes. A canal runs near the highway, which is a capital road constructed on the Appian Way, Appius Claudius being the first person who attempted to drain the marshes. Perhaps it was unreasonable to suppose that people who had just enjoyed a night's rest should feel a propensity to sleep; but it is certain that the only thing drowsy we found about these marshes was the even monotony of the road. As the spot is favourable to robberies, a great extent of country being visible in either direction, the Papal government has placed military posts along the highway, and we scarcely passed a mile without seeing a patrole. These soldiers looked as well as other people; though it is probable they are often changed.

On the whole, the scenery was pleasant, particularly in the direction of the mountains, on the sides of which we could distinguish villages

and other objects of interest. Towards the sea there was much wood, and nowhere any great appearance of impracticable bogs. The drainings, however, have probably altered the face of the country. The buffalo drivers, with long lances to goad their cattle with, and in a wild costume, were galloping about the meadows, which in particular places were also alive with wild geese feeding. I believe I speak within bounds when I say that we often saw thousands on two or three acres. They took no notice of us, though frequently quite near us, but continued to feed as leisurely as the domesticated birds. We saw many men on the road carrying muskets, but I did not observe one who appeared to be after the geese.

We breakfasted at a tavern near the upper end of the marshes, where several carriages arrived about the same time. Among others was that of a Dutch family, the ladies of which alighted from their coach in common caps, bringing with them their needlework, with an air of enviable comfort. I question if there is a civilized people on earth so much addicted to

motion as our own, or another that travels with so little enjoyment or so few comforts. Railroads and steam-boats do something for us, it is true; but even they are reduced to the minimum of comfort, because all things are reduced to a medium standard of habits. The 'go-ahead' propensities and 'gregarious' tastes of the nation set anything above a very moderate mediocrity quite out of the question.

A league beyond the tavern, A—— had a good fright. I was reading, when she drew my attention to a group of three men in the road, who were evidently awaiting our arrival. I did not believe that three banditti would dare to attack five men,— and such, including the postilions, was our force,— and felt no uneasiness until I heard an exclamation of alarm from A——. These men had actually stopped the carriage, and one of them poked the end of a pistol (as she fancied) within a foot of her face. As the three men were all armed, I looked about me; but the pistol proved to be a wild duck, and the summons to "deliver," an invitation to buy. I believe the rogues saw the alarm they

had created, for they withdrew laughing when I declined the duck. So endeth alarm the third.

Near Cisterna, a short distance further, we saw the skull of a robber, in an iron cage, placed at the gate as a warning to evil-doers. This object, previously to the incident of the duck, might have helped to give greater interest to the adventure. This skull probably alarms the travellers much more than it alarms the rogues.

We slept at Velletri, a town that may fairly claim to be Roman, though more remotely a Volscian place. It is said Augustus came from this vicinity. We were much struck with the prettiness of the female costumes at this place, and quite as much so with the good looks of the wearers.

It was indeed a sensation to leave an inn in the morning with the reasonable hope of seeing Rome before night! We had felt this with respect to Paris; but how much more was it felt to-day on quitting Velletri! We were no laggards, as you may imagine, but entered the

carriages betimes, and drove off to Albano to breakfast full of expectation. We were now in the classical region of *bona fide* Rome. Albano is said, by the ancient Roman traditions, to have been built by Ascanius (Iulus); and I have a faint recollection of having somewhere read that the Julian family, or that of the Cæsars, pretended to be derived from him. At all events, Iulus and Julius will make as good a pedigree as half of those the world puts faith in.

Albano, to quit blind tradition for better authenticated facts, is in the region so long contested in the early wars of Rome; and the celebrated battle of the Horatii is thought to have been fought here. A tomb is still standing, though a ruin, near the town, which, it is pretended, was erected in honour of them; but then the tomb of Ascanius is also shown! The site of ancient Alba is a disputed point, the town that now exists being quite modern, though surrounded by Roman remains. It is, however, time I should give you some more distinct notions of the localities.

Between Gaeta and Terracina the Apennines buttress the sea. At the latter place, the mountains retire inland, and the plain extends seaward, leaving between the coast and the crescent of the hills the Pontine Marshes. At Albano, the Apennines make another sweep north-easterly, as far as Tivoli, or even farther; when they again incline north-westerly, and encircle, on nearly three sides, a vast plain, which is the Campagna of Rome. Albano, therefore, stands at a point whence the eye overlooks a wide horizon towards the sea, and towards the mountains north of Rome. It is near a thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean; though the Alban Mount, the summit of the range, is two thousand feet higher. On this mountain-top stood the temple of Jupiter, where all the Latin tribes offered annual sacrifices. The site of the ancient temple is now occupied by a Christian convent; the religious successors of those who died by thousands as martyrs under the decrees of the emperors!

From the town of Albano little is seen, on

account of the surrounding buildings and the trees; the vicinity being much frequented by the nobles of Rome for country retreats. Even the popes have a palace near it. The Alban Lake, and that of Nemi too, are also on these heights, occupying the craters of extinct volcanoes. In the heats of summer, these elevated mountain sides are not only healthful, but delightful places to reside in. It was in this neighbourhood that, a few years since, the attempt was made by banditti to carry off Lucien Bonaparte to the mountains.

I was too impatient to await the slow movements of the *vetturino*, and hurried on alone, afoot, as soon as my breakfast was swallowed. Passing through a gateway, I soon found myself at a point whence I overlooked much of the surrounding scenery. Such a moment can occur but once in a whole life.

The road ran down a long declivity, in a straight line, until it reached the plain, when it proceeded more diagonally, winding towards its destination. But that plain! Far and near it was a waste, treeless, almost shrubless,

and with few buildings besides ruins. Long broken lines of arches, the remains of aqueducts, were visible in the distance; and here and there a tower rendered the solitude more eloquent, by irresistibly provoking a comparison between the days when they were built and tenanted, and the present hour. At the foot of the mountain, though the road diverged, there was a lane of smaller ruins that followed the line of the descent for miles in an air line. This line of ruins was broken at intervals, but there were still miles of it to be distinctly traced, and to show the continuity that had once existed from Albano to the very walls of Rome. This was the Appian Way; and the ruins were those of the tombs that once lined its sides,—the "stop traveller" of antiquity. These tombs were on a scale proportioned to the grandeur of the seat of empire, and they altogether threw those of Pompeii into the shade; although the latter, as a matter of course, are in much the best preservation. There were several near Albano, circular crumbling towers, large enough to form small habitations for the living:

a change of destiny, as I afterwards discovered, that has actually befallen several of them nearer the city.

Rome itself lay near the confines of the western view. The distance (fourteen or fifteen miles), and the even surface of the country, rendered the town indistinct, but it still appeared regal and like a capital. Domes rose up above the plane of roofs in all directions; and that of St. Peter's, though less imposing than fancy had portrayed it, was comparatively grand and towering. It looked like the Invalides seen from Neuilly, the distinctness of the details and the gilding apart. Although I could discern nothing at that distance that denoted ruins, the place had not altogether the air of other towns. The deserted appearance of the surrounding country, the broken arches of the aqueducts, and perhaps the recollections, threw around it a character of sublime solitude. The town had not, in itself, an appearance of being deserted, but the environs caused it to seem cut off from the rest of the world.

The carriages soon came rolling down the

hill, and we proceeded in company, absolutely silent and contemplative from an indescribable rush of sensations. The distance across the waste appeared to be nothing, and objects rose fast on every side to heighten the feeling of awe. Here was a small temple, insignificant in size and material, but evidently Roman; there, another line of aqueducts; and yonder, a tomb worthy to be a palace. We passed beneath one line of aqueduct, and drew near the walls — the ancient unquestionable walls of Rome herself! How often had we stood with interest over the ruins of works that had belonged to the distant military stations of this great people! but here we were actually beneath the ramparts of the Eternal City, which may still stand another twenty centuries without material injury.

We were fortunate in entering Rome, for the first time, from the south, this being out of all comparison the finest approach. The modern city occupying the old Campus Martius, he who comes from the north is at once received into the bosom of a town of our own

days; but he who comes in at the southern gate has the advantage of passing first among the glorious remains of the city of the Cæsars.

We entered Rome by the gate of St. John, and looked about us with reverential awe mingled with an intense curiosity. Little appeared at first besides a few churches, broken aqueducts, and gardens. On the left was a deserted-looking palace, with a large church attached, the buildings of St. John in the Lateran. An Egyptian obelisk, of great antiquity, pointed to the skies. These edifices were vast and princely, but they stood almost alone. Further in advance was a straggling sort of town, a mere suburb, and the line of houses was often broken by waste spots. Presently the carriage came under the walls of a huge oval structure of a reddish stone, in which arches rose above arches to the height of an ordinary church tower, a mountain of edifice; and, though not expecting to see it, I recognised the Coliseum at a glance. Objects now crowded on us, such as the arches of Constantine and of Titus, ruined temples, the Fo-

rum, and then the town itself. My head became confused, and I sat stupid as a countryman who first visits town, perplexed with the whirl of sensations and the multiplicity of the objects.

We drove to the Hôtel de Paris, entirely across the city, near the Porta del Popolo, and took lodgings. I ordered dinner; but, too impatient to restrain my curiosity, as there was still an hour of daylight, I called a *laquais de place*, and, holding little P—— by the hand, sallied forth. "Where will the signore go?" asked the laquais, as soon as we were in the street. "To St. Peter's."

In my eagerness to proceed, I looked neither to the right nor to the left. We went through crooked and narrow streets, until we came to a bridge lined with statues. The stream beneath was the Tiber. It was full, turbid, swift, sinuous, and it might be three hundred feet wide, or perhaps not quite so wide as the Seine at Paris at the same season. The difference, however, is not material, and each is about half as wide as the Thames above

London Bridge on a full tide, which is again three-fourths of the width of the Hudson at Albany. A large round castellated edifice, with flanking walls and military bastions, faced the bridge: this was the tomb of Adrian, converted into a citadel by the name of the Castle of St. Angelo, an angel in bronze surmounting the tower. Turning to the left, we followed the river, until a street led us from its windings, and presently I found myself standing at the foot of a vast square, with colonnades, on a gigantic scale, sweeping in half circles on each side of me, two of the most beautiful fountains I had ever seen throwing their waters in sheets down their sides between these, and the façade of St. Peter's forming the background. A noble Egyptian obelisk occupied the centre of the area.

Every one had told me I should be disappointed in the apparent magnitude of this church, but I was not. To me it seemed the thing it is, possibly because some pains had been taken to school the eye. Switzerland often misled me in both heights and distances,

but a ship or an edifice rarely does so. Previously to seeing Switzerland, I had found nothing to compare with such a nature, and all regions previously known offered no rules to judge by; but I had now seen too many huge structures not to be at once satisfied that this was the largest of them all.

The laquais would have me stop to admire some of Michael Angelo's sublime conceptions, but I pressed forward. Ascending the steps, I threw out my arms to embrace one of the huge half columns of the façade, not in a fit of sentimentalism, but to ascertain its diameter, which was gigantic, and helped the previous impression. Pushing aside the door in common use, I found myself in the nave of the noblest temple in which any religious rites were ever celebrated.

I walked unconsciously about a hundred feet up the nave, and stopped. From a habit of analyzing buildings, I counted the paces as I advanced, and knew how far I was within the pile. Still, men seemed dwindled into boys, seen at the farther extremity. One who was

cleaning a statue of St. Bruno, at the height of an ordinary church-steeple, stood on the shoulder of the figure, whose size did not appear disproportioned, and could just rest his arm on the top of its head. Some marble cherubs, that looked like children, were in high relief against a pier near me, and laying my hand on the hand of one of them, I found it like that of an infant in comparison. All this aided the sense of vastness. The *baldacchino*, or canopy of bronze, which is raised over the great altar, filled the eye no more than a pulpit in a common church; and yet I knew its summit was as lofty as half the height of the spire of Trinity, New York, or about a hundred and thirty feet, and essentially higher than the tower. I looked for a marble throne that was placed at the remotest extremity of the building, also as high as a common church-tower, a sort of poetical chair for the popes; and it seemed as distant as a cavern or mountain.

To me there was no disappointment. Everything appeared as vast as feet and inches could

make it; and as I stood gazing at the glorious pile, the tears forced themselves from my eyes. Even little P— was oppressed with the sense of the vastness of the place, for he clung close to my side, though he had passed half his life in looking at sights, and kept murmuring, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est? — qu'est-ce que c'est? — Est-ce une église?*"

It was getting dark, and perhaps the gloom magnified the effect. The atmosphere even,—for this stupendous pile has an atmosphere of its own, one different from that of the outer world, —was soothing and delicious; and I turned away impressed with the truth that if ever the hand of man had indeed raised a structure to the Deity in the least worthy of his majesty, it was this!

LETTER XXI.

The Campagna.—The Tarpeian Rock:—doubts as to its identity. The Walls of Servius Tullius,—and of Aurelian.—The Muro Torto.—The Wall of Honorius, or the present wall.—Errors of Literary Men with respect to measurement.—The Walls and Ruins of brick.—Limits of modern Rome.—Rome not a continued ruined town like Pompeii.—The ruins scattered, and well preserved.

I SHALL not enter into the ordinary details of description at Rome, but treat it as I have treated places less celebrated, touching only on those points that it has struck me are not familiarly known, or, at least, were not known to me; and this, too, in my own desultory manner; for, as things have appeared to me differently from my expectations, so shall I communicate them to you. Let us then commence with an outline of the place, its general condition, and its *entourage*, before we proceed to more minute accounts.

Of the Campagna I have already communicated to you some general notions. It is not, however, literally a waste, for it bears grasses and even grain in parts, and has some kitchen-gardens near the walls. The portions nearest the mountains are sandy, but not bare; while you find marshes as you approach the sea. The Campagna di Roma, properly so termed, includes nearly the whole of ancient Latium, and is near three hundred miles in extent; but, by convention, the Campagna is now confined to the uncultivated district immediately around the city. Some annex the Pontine Marshes, which join it in the direction of the sea; but I think the Romans distinguish between the two. Much of the Campagna is grazed, though I think less of it near the town than on the parts more remote. I have seen spots of great fertility; but the portions of it over which I usually gallop in my rides, (and I am now in the saddle daily,) — rides that frequently extend eight or nine miles,—is a species of common that merely bears a tolerable grass. There are spots that are crowded with country-houses and gardens,

particularly on the broken land north of Rome; but, in general, this waste is singularly naked of habitations, even up to the very ramparts of the town.

It is scarcely necessary to say, Rome has had various walls, which have been enlarged as the place has grown, for this is the history of every large walled place. It is, however, very necessary to know the positions of these walls, in order to establish the positions of many of the most interesting of the antiquities. Take, for instance, the Tarpeian Rock,—an object not only of interest in itself, but of importance in getting a clear idea of localities,—and we shall find that the heedless are commonly led astray, not only as respects this particular spot, but as respects others dependent on it. I mention this rock as its site is closely connected with the course of the ancient walls.

Most travellers give themselves up to the guidance of common *laquais de place,* who are dignified by the name of *ciceroni;* and even they who are sceptical, and smile at much of what they hear, are more or less imposed on

by the ignorance and knavery of these men. We had one of these ciceroni for a week or ten days, simply with a view to get acquainted with the town, and he undertook to show us this Tarpeian Rock among his other curiosities. We were led into a common garden on the Capitol Hill, where a rock overlooked the site of the Forum, and were told it was the place in question. Even the maps of Roma Antica, and most of the guide-books, point out this spot as the Tarpeian Rock; though, I believe, there are very satisfactory reasons for showing, that while it must be near the celebrated place of punishment, this cannot be it in very fact. Conversing on this subject with one of the most industrious of the antiquaries here, he reasoned in this manner: — The punishment of the Tarpeian Rock was both a poetical and a literal punishment; the literal being death, and the poetical expulsion from the city. By throwing a criminal from the rock that is commonly exhibited, his body would be cast into the centre of the Forum, or into the heart of the place; and hence he infers that it is not the true Tarpeian

Rock. There is, moreover, the narrative of a messenger of Camillus, I believe, who was sent to Rome at the time it was besieged by the Gauls, who says he landed at a particular point, and entered the town by climbing up the Tarpeian Rock. This account confirms the opinion that this rock must look outward as regards the walls.—The whole Capitol Hill is a rock, covered with a thin soil; and I believe it is generally admitted that the entire hill, or rock, bore the name of the unworthy Tarpeia, who is understood to have been buried in it. This may certainly account for the confusion in the names; though it would still seem that the precise place of punishment must be different from that which is usually shown as such. My antiquary pointed to a spot that is on the side of the hill nearly opposite to the Forum, along the margin of which the wall was known once to run, and where the height, in addition to that of the wall, or perhaps of one of its towers, would be sufficient to ensure death, as would not be the case at the rock commonly seen, even after allowing for the manner in which the

Forum has been filled up by rubbish. Admitting his reasoning to be true, and it is certainly very plausible if no more, you see the importance of understanding the sites of the ancient walls.

Passing over the infancy of Rome, the two principal walls that succeeded are that of Servius Tullius, and that of Aurelian. The first was built about two centuries after the town had its origin. It included the Capitol, Viminal, Quirinal, Esquiline, Palatine, Celian, and Aventine, or the Seven Hills of Rome, with a small triangular piece of ground on the other side of the Tiber, which did not, however, include the present site of St. Peter's. The space within these limits would not exceed that which is now covered by New York, below Bleecher-street, and yet it was the Rome of the Augustan age. The hills are not large, though some are double the size of others. The Capitol and Palatine are both small, particularly the former, which, agreeably to our mode of constructing, could not hold a population to exceed two or three thousand, even with narrow

streets and high houses. Admitting the lowest numbers that are given as the population of Rome at this period, it is difficult to imagine where they all lived. Pompeii proves that the Romans did not personally occupy much space, although the courts and gardens did. The slaves, who must have composed a large portion of the population of Rome, were probably crowded into a small space; and the great depth of the *débris* that now covers the ancient city proves that the materials were abundant: from all which it is fair to infer that the dwellings were of great height. The houses around Naples were low, probably on account of frequent earthquakes,—calamities that doubtless occurred oftener before the great eruption of the volcano than since. After making all these allowances, however, it will be necessary to people suburbs of great extent, or to diminish, by more than half, the popular accounts of the number of the inhabitants.

The Emperor Aurelian, fearful that the town might be taken by surprise, on account of the extent of the suburbs, about the year 276, caus-

ed new walls to be built. These walls in no place touched the wall of Servius Tullius, and may have a little more than doubled the size of the *enceinte*. These walls still exist, or, at least, walls exist that are attributed equally to Aurelian and Honorius, who lived more than a century later. Some of the antiquaries contend that the walls of Aurelian included a space more than twice, or even thrice as great as that contained within the present walls, and thus account for the mode of accommodating the population, which they complacently take at the highest number. A writer, who was a contemporary of Aurelian, affirms that the wall of this emperor was fifty miles in circuit; and Vasi appears to adopt his account of the matter, though he is obliged to admit that no traces exist of these prodigiously extensive works.

It strikes me, that there are several serious objections to this explanation. In the first place, it is impossible to believe that traces would not exist of these walls had they ever been built, when the walls constructed a little more than a century later are standing almost

perfect. Allowing that *all* of the present wall is not as old as Honorius, which probably is the case, a part certainly is. There is a portion of the present wall that is called the *Muro Torto*, or the Crooked Wall, from the circumstance that it is so much out of the perpendicular as to excite apprehension of its falling on the stranger who passes beneath it. Now there is a writer of the time of Belisarius, (530--40,) who says that this wall was exactly in such a condition in his day. It is difficult to believe that this should be the fact, and that all traces of the wall of Aurelian, which was built only two centuries and a half earlier, should have been lost. But it may be said this was a part of Aurelian's wall, for it is the foundation of Domitian's gardens, of unusual thickness and strength, and was made use of for the new city wall on that account, and that the wall of Aurelian still contained a circuit of fifty miles. If the *Muro Torto* be in truth a part of Aurelian's wall, then are not all traces of his wall lost; and it is very improbable that an emperor who was about to increase the walls of the city, which, exceedingly irre-

gular, had a circuit of less than eight miles, to a circuit of more than forty-five of our miles, should choose to extend the town so short a distance towards the north, the quarter that was the most agreeable and the most healthy, and yet as far in the other directions as would be necessary to make up the required distance. In point of fact, the space between the wall of Servius and the present wall is much greater in this direction than in any other; the object having been, probably, to include the whole of the Campus Martius and the Pincian Hill.

The present wall is said to be sixteen Roman miles and a half in circuit, which would be not far from fifteen of our miles. I have often ridden round these in my morning's excursions, or nearly round them, and I take this to be near the distance; though the present *enceinte* of the Transtiberina, or the part of the town west of the Tiber, is much larger now, than when the wall of Honorius, or the present wall, existed in that quarter also. Paris, including soldiers and strangers, has often contained a million of souls, although the town has an unusual number of

gardens, with many wide streets and public places, besides palaces and hotels without number; and yet Paris does not fill its walls, by perhaps a fifth of the entire surface. Were the *enceinte* of Paris compactly built up, two millions might comfortably dwell within the walls, and at need, by packing the people, as they were evidently packed at Pompeii and Herculaneum, three millions. The circuit of the walls of Paris is about eighteen miles. This would allow Rome to contain a million and a half or two millions within the present limits; and what good authority is there for supposing it ever had more people?

Rome was divided into fourteen quarters in the time of Augustus. These divisions have descended down to our own time, and, although the names are changed, it is probable they are essentially the same. Aurelian lived near the end of the third century, and in the fourth century these fourteen quarters bore the following names, viz. Porta Capena, Cœlimontana, Isis et Serapis, Via Sacra, Esquilina, Alta Semita, Via Lata, Forum Romanum, Cir-

cus Flaminius, Palatium, Circus Maximus, Piscina Publica, Aventina, and Transtiberina. It is easy to trace the situation of all of these quarters within the present walls. Is it probable that Rome increased so much in the two centuries and a half that succeeded Augustus, as to require, that a space contained in a circuit of sixteen Roman miles and a half should be extended to a circuit of fifty, in order to receive the people? I do not believe it.

What then becomes of the statement of Vopiscus, the authority quoted by M. Vasi? I know nothing of him; but any man of observation must know that writers of a high order of genius frequently betray great ignorance of positive things, and of nothing more than of measurement. Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Napoleon, says, "By the treaty of Presburgh, Austria is said to have lost *one million of square miles of territory, two millions and a half of subjects,* and a revenue to the amount of ten millions and a half of florins"! &c. &c.; and in speaking of another treaty, an error quite as gross appears. In the edition I read,

letters were introduced, rendering the blunder still more serious.* Here the great poet, in a grave history, makes a fragment of the Austrian empire near four times as great as the whole empire, and almost a fifth as large as all Europe. Comparing population with surface, he makes the ratio about two souls and a half to the square mile, and that in a country where it probably exceeds three hundred.† Perhaps no men are less to be trusted in matters of this sort than purely literary men, and yet they usually produce the books. Let us suppose the art of printing unknown, and the only authority for the life of Napoleon, or rather for this one fact, to be, twenty centuries hence, a

* In the subsequent editions these errors of the author, or blunders of the press, whichever they may be, have been corrected.

† Mr. Washington Irving, in his Life of Columbus, vol. i. p. 83, has the following:—"Between them is placed the island of Cipango, or Japan, which, according to Marco Polo, lay fifteen hundred miles distant from the Asiatic coast. *In his computation, Columbus advanced this island about a thousand leagues too much to the east, supposing it to be about in the situation of Florida,* and at this island he hoped first to arrive." The *centre* of Florida and the centre of the island of Japan lie about 130° asunder. A degree of longitude in those latitudes will average somewhere about fifty miles, (this is approximative, not calculated,) which will give *two* thousand leagues as the distance between them.

manuscript of a certain great author called Scotius, what marvels might not posterity believe of the extent of the Austrian empire!—such, probably, as M. Vasi would have us believe of the extent of Rome, on the authority of this Vopiscus. It is of no moment to the result, whether this error in the history of Napoleon was the consequence of ignorance or want of care in the author, or a blunder in a compositor. The circumstance, had it not been corrected, would have stood recorded; and in a manuscript, or an edition, might, in the lapse of centuries, pass for an established fact, on the authority of a great name.

I have little doubt that we now see, essentially, the form and dimensions of the wall of Aurelian, if not the wall itself. Some alterations, we know, have been made, for the gates are changed, and it is probable the wall, in places, has also undergone repairs; but it is not much more difficult to believe that the walls which are now standing are sixteen hundred years old, than to believe they are fourteen, or of the time of Honorius.

I leave you to judge of the feelings with which I ride beneath these walls. The Muro Torto in particular gives me great satisfaction, as one can be reasonably certain that he sees the identical bricks in the identical places they have occupied since the time of Domitian, or near eighteen hundred years. You will be surprised to hear that these walls are nearly all of bricks,—as indeed are the aqueducts, temples, and most of the other ruins of Rome. Augustus boasted that he found the city of bricks and left it of marble; but time has left it of bricks again. This contradiction is explained by the fact that the marbles which cased most of the brickwork, in the baths, temples, palaces, and amphitheatres, have been removed for other works, and also by the fact that the saying of Augustus is not to be taken too literally.

You will be surprised, perhaps, at receiving these accounts so soon, and to find me speaking already of the environs of Rome with so much familiarity, on a month's acquaintance. Soon after reaching the Eternal City, I hired a sad-

dle-horse, to accompany my old friend the —— of —— in his morning rides; and besides having the advantage of a learned cicerone, one who has passed years in Rome, I have made the discovery, that one in the saddle can see more of this place in a week, than is seen in a month by those who use carriages, or who go on foot. You will better understand this by getting a clearer idea of the actual condition of the town and its environs.

The wall which, right or wrong, is called that of Aurelian, is said to be sixteen Roman miles and a half in circuit, being separated into two parts by the Tiber. Of the part east of the river, which contains Rome proper, about one-third, or perhaps a little less, is occupied by the modern town: the remainder is in common gardens, villas, and ruins, many of the latter being scattered over the whole surface. You are not to suppose, however, that any part of Rome to-day exhibits the appearance of a continued ruined town, like Pompeii, with its streets and squares. Though in the vicinity of the Forum there is an approach to

such a character, it is not distinct and intelligible at a glance, as at Pompeii. So many objects are crowded together at this spot, as to render it the centre of interest, it is true; but it is far from preserving its outlines, as it existed of old. Even the site of the Forum has been disputed. The ruins, in general, are scattered, and, with comparatively few exceptions, are far from being well preserved. They are vast, particularly the baths, but not very distinct; and the *coup d'œil* gives an air of desolation to that part of the *enceinte*. They require study and investigation to excite a very deep interest,—or, at least, an interest beyond that which accompanies the general reflection that one sees the remains of Rome.

The modern town east of the river luckily covers little beside the Campus Martius; all in the region of the palace, the circuses, and the baths being virtually unoccupied. Houses there certainly are scattered over the space within the walls, and churches too; but, after all, they produce no very sensible effect on the general appearance of the place. Beyond the

56778

proper limits of the modern town, the prevailing character is that of antiquity and ruin, a little impaired perhaps by the presence of the gardens and garden-walls.

Much of the site of old Rome, or the region about the Seven Hills, is enclosed in these walls; but much also lies in common. One can enter many of the enclosures too, and a horse enables me to see whether there is anything within worthy of examination. As my object is less antiquarian research, than such pictures as may help to give you better ideas of things than are to be got from generalities, in my next letter I will take you with me in one of these morning rides, that you may see objects as they arise, as well as one can see who is obliged to use another's eyes.

LETTER XXII.

Morning ride round the City.—Egyptian Obelisk.—The Pincian Hill.—Raphael.—Villa Borghese.—Muro Torto.—Invasions on this side the town.—Pretorian Camp.—A Basilica.—The Campagna.—Fine breed of Horses.—Temples of the God of Return, and of Bacchus.—Fountain of Egeria.—Tomb of Cæcilia Metella.—The Circus ascribed to Caracalla erected by Maxentius. —Rome never materially larger than at present.—Tomb of Caius Cestius.—Protestant Cemetery.—Monte Testaceo.—The old system of Patron and Client.—Anecdote of Ferdinando King of Naples.

In order to effect the purpose just mentioned, we will mount at the door of our lodgings, in the Via Ripetta, and quit the town by the nearest gate, which is that of "the People," or the Porta del Popolo. The obelisk in the centre of the area that we pass is Egyptian, as you may see by the hieroglyphics. It formerly stood before the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis, and was transported to Rome by order of Augustus, as an ornament to the Circus Maximus. It has now stood near three cen-

turies, or longer than America has been settled, where it is.

The carriage-road that winds up the ascent on the right, by inclined planes, leads to the Pincian Hill, the site of Domitian's gardens, and which is now used as a promenade for all classes, on foot, on horseback, or in carriages. I shall say nothing of the colossal statues, for they are modern. The three streets that, separated by twin churches, diverge from this square, penetrate the city, forming so many of its principal arteries; that in the centre, which was the ancient Flaminian Way, leads to the foot of the Capitol Hill, and is called the Corso.

When without the walls, we find a little suburb stretched along the road which leads to the Ponte Molle, the ancient Milvian Bridge. This is the road to Upper Italy, or Cis-Alpine Gaul, and follows, in the main, the course of the Flaminian Way. We will quit the suburb, by turning short under the walls.

The vineyard or garden on our left is that in which Raphael used to amuse himself, and the plain stone dwelling is both ornamented and

defiled by the caprices of his pencil. He is anything but divine in that house. The grounds a little farther beyond, and which show factitious ruins, statues, walks, avenues, and plantations, are the celebrated Villa Borghese, which, by the liberality of the owner, are converted into a Hyde Park, or a Bois de Boulogne, for Rome and her visitors. It is said the public has used them so long, that it now claims them as its own; the public in Rome being just as soulless, ungrateful, and rapacious as the public in America. God help the man (if honest) who depends on the public anywhere!

You will not be alarmed at the appearance of the walls, after what you have heard, for it is the celebrated Muro Torto that once propped the terraces of Domitian, and which, you already know, has seemed just as ready to fall these fourteen hundred years as it is to-day. This wall is said to be twenty-five feet thick, and it seems at least forty feet high. This height, however, rather exceeds that of the wall in general, which varies, perhaps, from twenty to thirty feet.

We are next passing by that part of the city wall where the Villa Ludovisi Buon Compagni lies, *within* the *enceinte* of the city; and the gate just passed, and which is not used, is the Pincian. There is a tradition that Belisarius asked alms at this gate; but it is more probable that he caused it to be rebuilt. The little Gothic-looking tower that appears on the wall is in the garden of the Villa Paolina, so called from Pauline, the sister of Napoleon. This garden and its very handsome pavilion are now the property of the Prince of Musignano, her nephew, the eldest son of Lucien, a gentleman well known in America for his work on its birds. The gate beyond is the Porta Salara. Alaric entered the city at this point; and the Gauls, more remotely, penetrated by the Porta Collina, which was the counterpart of the present gate, in the wall of Servius, though necessarily less advanced than this. Hannibal is also said to have manifested an intention to attack the town on this side, whence it is inferred it was the weak quarter. It is not probable the walls were less strong

here than elsewhere; but the military advantages of attacking the place on this side are sufficiently apparent to the eye.

The land both within and without the walls of Rome is higher here than anywhere else on this side of the Tiber. It is consequently drier and more healthy as an encampment, and, while equally easy to enter as any other quarter, offers great facilities to the assailant when gained. The gardens of Sallust lay just within this gate, and traces of the walls are still seen. The *agger* of Servius Tullius, beneath which the vestal virgins who violated their vows were interred, was also within this gate. Traces of the former are still seen. This additional wall would seem to imply the danger the city ran on this particular side. The Pretorian Camp lay outside of this agger, but within a wall of its own.

The country on our left is now getting to be more open, and is assuming the appearance of the Campagna; though gardens and a sort of meagre suburbs are still met with. After passing the Porta Pia, which is near the an-

cient Porta Nomentana, we come to a line of wall that is evidently different from the rest in construction, and even in elevation. It forms three sides of a square, or nearly so, projecting in that form beyond the regular walls of the town, of which, however, it forms a part. This is the enclosure of the Pretorian Camp, though now composing part of the defences of the town. All this part of Rome, within the walls, is in gardens or vineyards; though one can find his way among them on horseback, by means of paths, lanes and breaches.

We next approach the gate of San Lorenzo, which leads to Tivoli and the Sabine Hills. Here, half a mile from the walls, stands one of the basilicæ of Rome. It is an ancient church, and is remarkable for the variety and richness of its columns, many of which are of precious African marbles, or of porphyry, and all of which, I believe, are taken from the ruins of ancient Rome. One of the old writers, it is said, speaks of two columns that were made by certain artists, who marked them by a frog and a lizard, animals whose Latin or Greek appel-

lations corresponded with their own, (at least this is the tradition,) and these columns still exist in this church. I can vouch for the columns, but not for the story, which may, nevertheless, be true.

The country now opens still more, and just before we reach the gate of Naples, and after passing under the arches of an aqueduct, we will turn upon the Campagna, and gallop across the swells, which are but little enclosed. After proceeding a mile or two, sometimes following roads, and at others coursing over fields that seem as deserted as the ruins with which they are dotted, we reach a small brick edifice, that is said to have been erected on the spot where Coriolanus was met by his mother. There are other accounts of this edifice, which is evidently ancient, though so diminutive and frail-looking; but the brick-work of Rome seems to have a power of endurance that the stone-work of other countries does not possess.

Seeing the line of ruined tombs which mark the course of the Appian Way on our right, we will now gallop in that direction. The paths

across the fields, the runs of water, and the wildness of scenery, harmonize well with the pictures of antiquity, and our spirits rise with the speed of the horses,— animals, by the way, of great powers of endurance, as well as foot and fire. These horses are derived from barbs. The breed of the Chigi, so called from the princes of that name, is of the best repute; and the horse I ride is noted for his courage, though he has seen near twenty years. This fine beast is as white as snow, and has long been a favourite with the strangers.

After crossing several low swells of land, we come to a place of more pastoral beauty than is common on the Campagna, in which the swells get to be almost diminutive valleys, through one of which trickles a run of water. Here we find another tiny brick temple, one not larger than the Catholic chapels that so frequently occur by the way-side, and which, at need, might contain thirty or forty devotees. It is called the temple of the God of Return,* a deity of whom you probably never heard before.

* *Fanum Rediculi.*

It is said that this tiny temple, which is very prettily placed, was erected to celebrate the retreat of Hannibal from before the walls of Rome, and some go so far as to say that his determination was made in this precise spot; a conceit, by the way, not poetically fine, since there is scarcely a place in the vicinity so likely to tempt one to remain. The term *ridiculous*, which is universally applied to the building, would imply the idea of derision, and that the temple was erected in mockery. Allowing the history to be true, it may be considered a very extraordinary relic; but I believe the antiquaries ascribe it to a much later period, by the brick-work, which is a little peculiar, or to the reign of Nero. Admitting even this, it is near eighteen hundred years old.

Turning up the rivulet, we will ride on a knoll, about half a mile from this *Fanum Ridiculi*, where we find the ruins of another temple, though it is roofed and is even converted into a sort of chapel. This is called, and perhaps justly, a temple of Bacchus. It passed a long time for another edifice, but recent discoveries in a

vault leave little doubt that it was erected in honour of Bacchus. It was of more pretension than either of the other small brick edifices, though very little larger, and not of a very pure taste. It had a portico of four columns, evidently taken from some other edifice, and which are now built into the front wall, probably with a view to enlarge it as a church. This building has a *staggering* and *propped* look, which, while it may not be classically just, suggests the idea of drunkenness, very eloquently.

Taking into view the beauty of the spot, the distance from the walls (about two miles), and the neighbourhood, which, from time immemorial, has been used for festivals, it is probable this temple was erected as a sort of religious memorial of merry-makings; a union of the profane and the sacred, that the ancients were addicted to, as well as the moderns. It may have been a drinking pavilion of some pious debauchee, who had the notion to sanctify his cups by the emblems, and even the services of the altar! Why not?—men are still

found committing as flagrant acts of blasphemy, under the show of religion, every day—ay, and even every hour of the day. The heathen mythology, moreover, was a *rum* thing, throughout.

Quitting this, and descending into the valley again—if valley it may be called, we find a sort of grotto, in the hill side, with a recumbent statue, a spring of pure water, the source of the rivulet, and the appearance of former decorations that are now wanting, particularly of statues. This place is popularly called the fountain of the nymph Egeria, so celebrated for the expedient of Numa. It is, however, pretty certain that this is not the true spot; and, considering the proximity of the temple of Bacchus, the grotto is probably the remains of some Roman expedient to cool wine, and to drink it luxuriously. Religion may have been mixed up of old with these debauches, as we know politics and dinners go together in our own times. The recumbent statue is clearly no statue of a nymph. The work is thought by even the sceptics to be as old as the time

of Vespasian. This grotto and the temple of Bacchus, probably, had some allegorical connexion, the one being a place to carouse in, the other a temple to sanctify the rites; and if we add the other fane to the whole, as an emblem of the manner in which drunkards render themselves *ridiculous*, we may be quite as near the truth as the antiquaries.

We will quit these pleasant dales, and ride across the fields, a short mile, to the line of ruined tombs that marks the remains of the Appian Way. An extensive pile of ruins will naturally first attract our attention to itself; and we will spur our horses up the sharp acclivity on which it stands, though by making a small *détour*, and getting into the rough road, that still leads out on the old route for a few miles, we might reach the summit more easily. On reaching this spot, we find the remains of a castle of the middle ages, with courts, walls, and towers, scattered about the fields, all built in the usual rude and inartificial manner of those structures, with a keep, however, that has the grace and finish of the Roman archi-

tecture. This keep is round, well preserved, much better, in short, than the rest of the edifice, which is crumbling around it. It is about eighty feet in diameter, and is constructed of vast hewn blocks of travertine; while the other parts of the work appear to be made of stones gathered in the fields, or taken from the foundations of the tombs. The latter was most probably the fact. The walls of this keep are thirty feet thick, the interior being little more than a small vaulted room. It formerly contained the sarcophagus that is still seen in the court of the Farnese Palace; for, in brief, this keep was merely one of the tombs of the Appian Way!

An inscription puts the name of the person in whose honour this extraordinary mausoleum was erected out of all doubt. It is the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, the wife of a mere triumvir, a *millionnaire* of his day. This tomb is, therefore, the Demidoff of the Via Appia. It is probably the noblest mausoleum now standing in Europe. There is no uncertainty about its history; and yet, while one looks at it with

wonder as a specimen of Roman luxury and magnificence, it fails to excite one half the interest that is felt when we linger around a spot that is celebrated, by even questionable tradition, for any other sort of greatness. As I gaze at it, my mind compares this specimen of art with the civilization of Rome, endeavours to form a general picture from the particular object, and, certainly, it finds food for useful, as well as for agreeable reflection; but it scarcely turns to the wife of the triumvir at all: and when it does, it is rather to distrust her merits; for pure virtue is seldom so obtrusive or pretending as may be inferred from this tomb. Insignificance is ill advised in perpetuating itself in this manner. The rest of these ruins are said to be a fortress of the Popes, about five hundred years old; the tomb itself dating from the close of the republic.

We might follow the Appian Way with great interest; but, as our ride has already extended to nearly ten miles, it may be well to turn towards the city. The ruins of a temple, and some extensive remains of a very unusual and

irregular character, attract our attention near the large tomb. A part of these ruins are thought to belong to a villa erected at the end of the third century; and it is probable that the remainder were incorporated in its ornaments, as we include ruins in the landscape gardening of our own time. There is clearly a temple which, it is conjectured, also, answered the purpose of a mausoleum. Attached to this temple, was a circus;—the only one, I believe, that still preserves enough of its ancient form to give us ocular proof of the real construction of these celebrated places of amusement.

By the popular account, the circus is ascribed to Caracalla, and the temple is called the *stables* of the circus; but, discoveries as recent as 1825 show that the latter is a temple, or mausoleum, and even in whose honour it was erected. Vasi disposes of the claims of Caracalla very satisfactorily; and, to say the truth, they were not very great. He was fond of the amusements of the circus; a circus is seen on the reverse of his medals; and a statue of himself and his mother were found at no great

distance from this particular circus, though not in it. On this authority, it was thought he had caused this particular circus to be built. The two first reasons amount to nothing, especially as the circus of the medals is clearly the Circus Maximus, which Caracalla caused to be repaired. The statues may have even belonged to this circus, and been placed there in honour of so great a patron of the sports; for we certainly should not deem it any great proof that Napoleon erected a military hospital because we found his statue in it, or that Nelson erected Greenwich if a picture of him should be discovered in its ruins. This reasoning is made all the stronger by the fact that this circus is of a workmanship much later than the time of Caracalla, who has left memorials enough of his age in his baths. But inscriptions have set the matter finally at rest; and it is now known that this circus was erected by Maxentius, about the year 311 of our era, who caused it to be consecrated to his son Romulus, who was *deified*. This *deification*, at so late a period, must mean something like the canonization of the

Catholic saints in our own time. It was a declaration of peculiar sanctity. The lesser gods of antiquity were probably no more than the good men of modern days.

As the temple is but a temple, of which there are hundreds still standing, we will ride round through the fields, and enter the circus by the great gate, which has been recently opened. Within the area, we find a long narrow space, surrounded by low walls, with, here and there, a tower. It is divided into two parts by a sort of dwarf wall, which was called the *spina*. The sides are straight, but the two ends are circular. At that opposite to the gate, are the traces of the *carceres*, or the cells in which the chariots were stationed previously to starting; the circular form giving each a pretty nearly equal chance. In these cells or stalls the competitors were ranged, and at the signal, which it is thought was given from a particular tower about the centre of one of the walls, they dashed out towards the side of the circus that had the most room between it and the dwarf wall; for the greatest space was re-

quired at the commencement of the race, when the chariots were nearly abreast of each other. Space was also left to pass round the ends of this dwarf wall, on which statues and obelisks were commonly placed, and the chariots came in as they could. The side walls contained seats, like an amphitheatre, it is said, for 18,000 people.

The length of this circus is 1560 Roman feet, or rather more than a quarter of a mile; which, doubled, gives a course of more than half a mile long; but as many turns might be made as were desired. Judging from what I saw at Florence, the nicety of the sports must have very much depended on the skill of the charioteer in turning. The width is 240 feet. The dwarf wall is not quite 900 feet long, and it varies in height from two to five feet. The remains of pedestals show that there were many statues, besides those on the *spina*. There were thirteen stalls. The granite obelisk of the Piazza Navona was taken from this place, about two centuries since; an Egyptian obelisk appearing to be an ornament *d'usage*,

for a Roman circus. The dwarf wall is not quite parallel to the side walls: an arrangement that was probably made with a view to facilitate the mode of starting. There is a tomb in this circus, that appears to be much older than the circus itself, and which was probably included in it, for want of space. The general direction is at right angles to the Appian Way, on which the circus stands. It was a place of amusement without the walls, and gives another blow to the theory of the extraordinary extent of the town.

It is fortunate that this circus, though an inferior specimen of its kind, did stand without the walls, for it would probably have shared the fate of the others had it been within them. As it is, it is very curious, for the reason just given, and because it is one of the best preserved ruins near Rome. The wall of Aurelian must have not only enclosed this circus, but it must have extended far beyond it, to have been fifty miles in circuit. I find sufficient evidence that, on whichever side of Rome

I ride, the *enceinte* was probably never materially larger than it is at this moment.

We will now leave the circus and ride towards the city. As we pass along the narrow road, we see several rude dwellings constructed on the tops of ruined tombs, the living having dispossessed the dead. After passing through a species of suburb, leaving many ancient objects unvisited, we reach the walls again, and turn along beneath them towards the river. On reaching the last gate, having now made the entire circuit of the city proper, we enter, and find ourselves in an open space, or in one little intercepted by walls, and near the celebrated tomb of Caius Cestius. This tomb is a pyramid a hundred of our feet high, and sixty square at the base. Its walls are very thick, and it is faced with blocks of hewn marble. The summit is still a fine point, though it looks modern, which is probably the fact, as the tomb has been repaired. This pyramid is another proof that the Romans built for time, since it is of the date of Agrippa, and is astonishingly well preserved, the restorations having been little

more than renewing the apex. It was also buried at the base a few feet, and the earth has been removed.

Near this monument is the cemetery of the Protestants. We can see on a modern stone, near the wall of the city, this inscription—"*Cor cordium.*" It marks the grave of Shelley; though I do not understand how his ashes came here, as his body was burned on the shore of Pisa. The inscription was written by his wife, the daughter of Godwin.

Across the open space, is a low isolated mount, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet high, and some four or five hundred feet in circumference, with vineyards clustering around its base, and with its summit and sides gay with the young grasses of March. Galloping to its foot, we follow a winding path, and ride to the top, where we are rewarded with a beautiful view, more particularly of the heights on the opposite side of the river. This little mountain is called Testaceo, from the circumstance of its having been entirely formed of broken pottery,* brought out

* *Testa.*

of the town and deposited here. By kicking the grass, you still see the fragments beneath, the soil being scarcely two inches deep. Its history is not very well established; but that such is its origin, the eye sees for itself. An order of the police may have rendered this accumulation of broken pottery necessary.

Near this mount, the port is seen; vessels ascending the Tiber, from the sea, as far as this. But for the bridges, they might go even higher; though it would be without a sufficient object.

We will now descend, and pursue our way homeward, along the foot of the Aventine Hill. In the portico of the convent church which we pass, you may see the arms and name of the patron cardinal, or the dignitary under whose protection the establishment has placed itself. This is the old system of patron and client continued to the present day; a system which belongs to aristocracy, and must exist, in some shape or other, wherever the strong and the weak are found in contact. I have heard of countries in modern Europe in which the tribute of the clients forms no

small portion of the revenue of the patrons. In England itself, we have seen Indian Rajahs returning members to parliament by means of their gold; in France, the king's mistresses, for a long time, had a monopoly of this species of power; and in several of the other great powers that have dependencies, I hear it whispered that the system still prevails to a great extent. In America, the clients are the nation; and the patrons the demagogues, under the name of patriots. If, however, our discontented, the salt of the earth in their own imagination, had a taste of the abuses of this hemisphere, they would gladly return to their own, bad as they are.

When at Naples, I was told an anecdote of the good old King Ferdinando, which is in point. His generals were deliberating on a new uniform for the army, when the honest old prince, tired of the delay, and anxious to get at his game again, exclaimed — "Ah, Signori, dress them as you please, they will run away." I do not repeat this because I believe the Neapolitans are cowards, for I think them traduced

in this respect, but because it is with politics as in war, "dress men as you will, they are still that godlike-devil man."

Objects crowd upon us in too great numbers now, and we will ride into the Via Ripetta and dismount, leaving the rest for another excursion.

LETTER XXIII.

The Tiber.—Monte Mario.—Milvian Bridge.—Bridge of Nomentanus.—The Sacred Mount; Apologue of Menenius Agrippa.—City Walls.—Amphitheatre.—Santa Scala.—The Lateran.—Works of the Empire and the Republic contrasted.—The Coliseum.—Via Sacra.—The Capitoline Hill.—The Palatine.—Imperial Palace.—The Forum.—Arch of Septimius Severus.—Column of Phocas.—The Capitol.—Statue of M. Aurelius.—Columns of Trajan and Antoninus.—The Pantheon.

In my last, I took you round the walls,—an excursion I make weekly, for the road is excellent, and almost every foot of the way offers something of interest. We will now turn in another direction, which, if not so interesting as regards antiquities, may amuse you, by giving you better and more precise ideas of the region in which Rome stood nearly three thousand years since, and stands to-day.

We will quit the city by the same gate as before; but, instead of inclining to the right, let us take the opposite direction, which brings

us, within a hundred yards, to the banks of the Tiber.

If you feel the same sensation that I did, on finding yourself riding along the shores of this classical stream, your seat in the saddle will be elastic, and you will feel a double enjoyment at galloping in a pure air and under a serene sky. You know the size of this river already, and I will merely add that, in the winter and spring, it is turbid, rapid, and apt to overflow its banks, particularly in the town, — for above it, or at the place where we now are, these banks are perhaps ten feet above the surface of the water. It is thought the bed of the river has been materially raised by *débris* within the walls, and projects have even been entertained for turning the water, with a view to discoveries.

As boats sometimes ascend, there is a towing-track, which, though little used, is a reasonably good bridle-path, the equestrians keeping this track beaten. As the stream is as meandering as our own Susquehanna, it presents many pretty glimpses; though the nakedness of the

Campagna (which, north of Rome, while more waving and broken than farther south, is almost destitute of any other herbage than grass and a few bushes,) prevents the scenery from being absolutely beautiful. Still every turn of the river is pregnant with recollections, and one can hardly look amiss in quest of a historical site.

The eminence on the opposite side of the stream, that shows steep acclivities at its eastern and southern faces, and up which a road winds its way by the south-western ascent, is Monte Mario, a hill that overlooks Rome, very much as Montmartre overlooks Paris. The half-ruined country-house that stands against its eastern side is the Villa Madama, so termed from having been built by Margaret of Austria, a daughter of Charles V, from whom it has descended to the family of Naples. The house on the summit is the property of the Falonieri, the present owners of the mount. What a thing it is to own a Roman site! and what a cockneyism to convert it into a dandy residence,—a "half-horse, half-alligator" ruin!

After riding a little more than a mile, we reach the Milvian Bridge, a portion of which is ancient. We will not cross at this spot, so celebrated for the battle fought by Constantine near it, but pursue our way up the side of the stream, on which we still are. Crossing the highway, then, (the ancient Flaminian Way,) we continue our course up the river, which just here has been the scene of a melancholy event, of no distant occurrence. The horse of a young Englishwoman backed off the steep bank, and falling over her, she was drowned. What has rendered this calamity more striking, was the fate of her father, who is said to have left a post-house in the mountains, on foot, while travelling, and has never since been found.

Near the scene of this accident, or a hundred rods above the Milvian Bridge,* the river sweeps away towards the Sabine Hills, and our road leads us along the brow of a bluff, by a very pretty and picturesque path, which soon brings

* This name is a proof of the manner in which words become changed by use. The bridge has been termed Milvius, Mulvius, Molvius, and Molle, the latter being its present Roman name.

us to some mineral waters, that have had a reputation as ancient as Rome itself. At this point, though distant only a mile or two from the city, nothing of it is to be seen, but, were it not for a few dwellings scattered near, one might almost fancy oneself on a prairie of the Far West, such is the wasted aspect of the country, as well as the appearance of the rapid, turbid Tiber.

Diverging from the stream, which inclines north again, taking the direction to the mountains where it rises, we next enter some fields imperfectly fenced, among which a Tityrus or two are stretched under their *patulæ fagi*, not playing on the oaten reed, it is true, but mending their leather leggings. Rising some hills, we reach another great road, and crossing this, and the fields that succeed, we come to a spot where the Anio is spanned by another bridge, with a tower in its centre. The part of the environs between the last highway and this bridge has more of the character of a suburb than any other portion of the vicinity of Rome; and did the city ever extend

far beyond the present course of its walls, it must have been principally in this direction, I think.

The bridge is the *Nomentanus*, and dates from the time of Narses, but was restored about the middle of the fifteenth century, and has much the character of a work of the latter period. Beyond this bridge is a naked hill, with the remains of some works or the ruins of villas on it. This is the Sacred Mount, so celebrated for the decided act of the plebeians, who twice retired to it, in a body, on account of the oppression of the nobles, in the years of Rome 261 and 305. Here they resisted all persuasion to return, until Menenius Agrippa overcame their obstinacy by the famous apologue of the belly and the members of the human body. The tribunes owed their existence to this act of decision, which is probably the first trade's union that was ever established. These things, on the whole, work evil, because they are abused; but they are not without their uses, as well as tartar emetic. The Romans, however, found them unsuccessful, for they took a

solemn oath never to revolt against their tribunes, — which was the law, in other words, — and hence the mount, where the oath was taken, was called the Sacred Mount. No apologue ever contained more truth than that of Menenius; and yet the belly may disease all the limbs, and the limbs throw the belly into disorder, by sins of commission, as well as by sins of omission. One can write an apologue about anything, and, after all, a fact is a fact.

Proceeding another mile, some extensive ruins are seen between the road of Nomentanum and that of Salaria, which are the remains of the country-house of Phaon, the freedman of Nero, where this last of the Cæsars committed suicide. Two hundred years intervened between the death of Nero and that of Aurelian, but they were hardly sufficient to bring all this space within the walls, which must have been the case to give the latter a circuit of fifty miles. Besides, where are all the remains of this huge town, without the present wall, if it ever existed there? We see the remains of villas and camps and bridges all around us

even to-day, but none of a city. The Anio would not be spanned by such rude and ancient arches, had Rome ever covered this spot.

Let us now enter the town by the Porta Salaria, and ride through the vineyards and among the gardens of that quarter, towards that of St. John in Laterano. Ruins are scattered about on every side, and among them are aqueducts, from the arches of some of which, water still trickles. The circular wall on our left, as we approach the gate of St. John, is the remains of the amphitheatre of the camp, in which the soldiers fought with beasts. The exterior of this wall is better seen from without, for it has also been incorporated with that of the town.

Of the vast palace and church of the Lateran I have nothing to say at present, except that it strikes the traveller with an imposing grandeur as he enters the city. Some devotees before the little church near it, however, will draw us in that direction, and you will be surprised to see men and women ascending a long plain flight of broad steps in it, on their knees.

This is done because tradition hath it that these steps belonged to the palace of Pilate, and that they were transferred from Jerusalem to this spot because Christ descended them when he went from condemnation to the cross.

You probably know that this church of St. John in Laterano is the first of the Christian world, and that the palace was long celebrated for its bulls and councils. The present edifices are about five centuries old, though the church is as fresh and rich as if just finished. The obelisk came from Thebes, and was brought to Rome in the fourth century, and placed in the great circus. Sixtus V. had it disinterred and brought to this spot.

You will now follow the road to the Coliseum and the Forum. All this quarter of the town, with the exception of some broken fragments of suburbs (always within the walls,) is filled with ruins, more or less conspicuous. Here, indeed, the objects and recollections of the past crowd upon the senses oppressively, and it requires time and use to visit the place with a

sufficiency of coolness and leisure to analyze the parts, and to separate the works of different ages and reigns.

An intelligent Swiss who is now here, and who frequently accompanies me in these morning rides, exclaimed triumphantly the other day, "You will find, on examining Rome in detail, that all the works of luxury and of a ferocious barbarity belonged to the Empire, and those of use to the Republic. The latter, moreover, are the only works that seem to be imperishable." After allowing for the zeal of a republican, there is some truth in this; though the works of the republic, by their nature, being drains and aqueducts, &c., are more durable than those above ground. Still it is a good deal to have left an impression of lasting usefulness, to be contrasted with the memorials and barbarity of vain temples and bloody arenas.

Of the Coliseum it is unnecessary to speak, beyond the effect it will produce on us both. For me, unlike the effect of St. Peter's, some time was necessary to become fully conscious

of its vastness. When one comes deliberately to contemplate this edifice, its beauty of detail and of material, the perfect preservation of its northern half, in the exterior at least,—it must be a dull imagination indeed that does not proceed to people its arches and passages, and to form some pictures of the scenes that, for near five hundred years, were enacted within its walls. This noble structure, noble in extent, in architecture, if not in its uses, was occupied in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries as a strong place, by the contending factions of Rome. This period, however, longer than that of the existence of our American community, is but a speck in the history of the building, as a short retrospect will show. Vespasian died in 79, Titus in 81, and Domitian in 96. The first commenced, the last is said to have finished this edifice. For three hundred years it was used for the exhibitions of the gladiators, and, down to the year 523, for battles of wild beasts. For five hundred years more there is little account of it; but it was probably too vast for the pur-

poses of the people who then dwelt among the ruins of Rome. Then came the civil contentions, and near three centuries of military occupation. In 1381, it is said to have been much dilapidated, particularly on the southern side, when it was converted into a hospital. After this, the popes and their favourites began to pull it to pieces, for the stone. Several of the largest palaces of modern Rome have certainly been erected out of its materials; that of the Farnese, in particular. The quay of the Ripetta, or the port, is also enriched from this classical quarry. It is only within a few years—less than thirty, I believe—that any serious attempts have been made to preserve what is left; and, to the credit of the papal government be it said, these attempts are likely to be successful. The walls require little but the "let us alone" policy, for they seem to defy time and the seasons. As there was a possibility of their crumbling, however, at the broken extremities of the outer circle, vast piers of brickwork have been erected, and in a style that in this species of construction is only equalled in Italy.

This edifice was 1641 feet in circumference, according to Vasi, who wrote in French; and if French feet are meant, this will exceed 1700 of our feet, which is near a third of a mile. The height is 157 feet, which is quite equal to an ordinary American church spire, even in the towns. From these facts you may obtain some ideas of the general vastness, for the summit was everywhere of the same elevation. The earth had accumulated to the height of several feet about the base; but it has been removed, a wall has been erected a short distance from the edifice, and, on that side, one may see the Coliseum very much as it existed under Nero. The arena, according to my former authority, was 285 feet long, by 182 wide. This arena is now encircled by fourteen little chapels, erected in honour of the Christians who are said to have perished here. The interior, however, is a wild and ruined place.

I know nothing, in its way, that gives one ideas of the magnificence and power of Rome so imposing as the Coliseum. It was erected in an incredibly short time, in a way to resist wars,

earthquakes, time, and almost the art of man, and now offers one of the most imposing piles under which the earth groans; in some respects, the most imposing. The uncertainty that hangs about the Pyramids impairs their interest; but the Coliseum is almost as well known to us, through the lapse of eighteen centuries, as Drury Lane or the Théâtre Français.

As we are not making antiquarian examinations, let us proceed in the direction of the Forum, and look into its actual condition. The course of the Via Sacra is well known. It commenced at the Coliseum, and passed near, if not beneath, the Arch of Titus, which is still standing; and, following a line of temples of which we still see many remains, it went beneath the Arch of Septimius Severus, which is also standing, and, it is thought, ascended the Capitol Hill, by what are called the "Sacred Steps." The vacant space which vulgarly passes by the name of the Forum is in the shape of two parallelograms, united by a right angle. One of these open spaces lies between the Capitol and Palatine Hills, and the other

stretches from the Arch of Titus to the base of the Capitol, the latter hill not lying directly in a line with the Palatine. Neither of these celebrated hills is large or very high, the Capitol having about two thirds of a mile in circumference at its base, and the latter a little less. As their sides are generally precipitous, the surfaces of the summits do not vary much from their dimensions. I should think the present elevation of the Capitol Hill may be about fifty feet above the level of the surrounding streets; though there is one point which is higher. These streets are, however, much higher than formerly, as is proved by discovering the bases of ancient structures some distance beneath their pavements. The other hill has about the same elevation, or is perhaps a little higher. Their bases are materially changed.

The Palatine, or the cradle of Rome, will first attract our attention. It lies on our left as we advance towards the Forum, and exhibits a confused surface of ruins, gardens, vines, and modern villas. Its prevailing appearance, however, is that of ruin. For several reigns, this

mount sufficed not only to contain the residences of the kings of Rome, but all Rome itself. The antiquarians pretend, on what authority I do not know, but that of Livy, I believe, to point out the precise spots where several of the first princes lived. In time it did not suffice for the palace of a single monarch. The Palatine was probably much larger then than now, the eastern end having the appearance of being cut. Thus the house of Ancus Martius is said to have been on the summit of the Via Sacra, which would carry the hill near the present site of the Temple of Venus and Rome. On this hill, the Gracchi, Cicero, Catiline, Marc Antony, Catullus, and Octavius, with many others of note, are known to have lived; though, after the fall of the republic, it passed entirely into the hands of the emperors. In the time of Caligula, the imperial palace had a front on the Forum, with a rich colonnade, and a portico. A bridge, sustained by marble columns, crossed the Forum, to communicate with the Capitol Hill. One here sees the rapid progress of luxury in a monarchy. Augustus

lived modestly in what might be termed a house; Tiberius, his successor, added to this house until it became a palace; Caligula, not satisfied with the Palatine, projected additions on the Capitol Hill; Claudius, it is true, abandoned this plan, and even destroyed the bridge, but Nero caused an enormous edifice to succeed.

The first palace of Nero must have occupied the whole of the Palatine Hill, with perhaps the exception of a temple or two, the ground around the Coliseum (the site of which was a pond), and all the land as far as the Esquiline, or even to the verge of the Quirinal,—a distance exceeding a mile. This was possessing, moreover, the heart of the town; although a portion of the space was occupied by gardens and other embellishments. When this building was burned, he returned to the Palatine, repaired the residence of Augustus, and rebuilt his residence with so much magnificence, that the new palace was called the "Golden House." This building also extended to the Esquiline; though it was never finished. Vespasian and

Titus, more moderate than the descendant of the Cæsars, demolished all the new parts of the palace, and caused the Coliseum and the baths that bear the name of the latter to be constructed on the spot. These emperors were elected, and they found it necessary to consult the public tastes and public good. Thus we find the remains of two of the largest structures of the world now standing within the ground once occupied by the palace of the Cæsars, on which they appear as little more than points. From this time the emperors confined themselves to the Palatine, the glory of which gradually departed. It is said that the palace, as it was subsequently reduced, remained standing, in a great measure, as recently as the eighth century, and that it was even inhabited in the seventh.

The ruins of the Palatine are now little more than the vaulted rooms of the foundation. One or two halls of the principal floor are thought to be still partially in existence; but as nearly everything but the bricks has disappeared, they offer little more than recollections

to a visitor. Even their uses are conjectured rather than proved. It is possible, by industry and research, to get some ideas of the localities; but few things at Rome, compared with its original importance, offer less of interest directly to the senses than the Palatine Hill. The ruins are confused, and the study of them is greatly perplexing. Certainly, one is also oppressed with sensations on visiting this spot; but, unless a true antiquary, I think the eye is more apt to turn towards the Coliseum, and the other surrounding objects, than to the shapeless and confused masses of brickwork that are found here.

The site of the house of Augustus is now a villa, belonging to an Englishman, which is well kept up, and which may haveits uses in a certain sense, but which struck me as being singularly ill placed as respects sentiment. One could wish every trace of a modern existence to be obliterated from such a spot; and, moreover, a man ought to have great confidence in the texture of his own skin, to stand constantly beneath the glare of a powerful sun.

You know that the Forum was originally established, in the time of Romulus and Tatius, when a hill was almost a country, as a market-place between the hostile people. Here the two *nations* met to traffic. Forums afterwards became common, and the remains and sites of several in the city are known; but this was *the* Forum, *par excellence.* This Forum remained in a state of preservation as lately as the seventh century, sufficient to receive monuments; but since that time down to a period about the commencement of the present century, it was falling gradually into a worse and worse condition; though its severest blow is attributed to Robert Guiscard, about the year 1000. He burned and laid waste all this part of Rome, much to the damage of modern travelling.

For several hundred years the Romans were in the practice of throwing rubbish in this spot, to which circumstance is ascribed the present elevation of its surface. To this cause, however, must be added the regular accumulation of materials from the crumbling ruins; for other

parts of Rome prove that it is not the Forum alone which has been thus buried. You will be surprised to hear that, in disinterring many of the monuments that still remain, the pavement of the ancient Forum, and the bases of the works themselves, have been found at a depth varying from twenty to twenty-five feet below the actual surface.

The Forum is said to have been surrounded by a colonnade of two stories, which gave to the whole a form and arrangement something like those of the Palais Royal at Paris. The Curia, or senate chamber, was under the Palatine; and the Comitium, or the place for the popular meetings, was near it. As the emperors lived above, here was a shadowing forth of that sublime mystification which has so long blinded and amused the world, in the way of a political device, which it is the fashion to term the "three estates." I wonder if Nero said who should be his ministers, and the senate said who should not!

The Arch of Septimius Severus still remains, one may say, perfect. It stands at the foot of

the Capitoline, and its base is cleared away, and the vacancy is protected, as usual, by a wall. The digging around it is not very deep. It dates from the commencement of the second century.

Not far from this arch, there stood, previously to the year 1813, a solitary column, with nearly half its shaft buried in the earth, the capital being perfect. This column, it was then believed, belonged to a temple, or, if not to a temple, at least to the bridge of Caligula; but, in 1813, the earth was removed from its base, and it was then found to stand on a pedestal, on which there is an inscription that proves the column was erected in honour of Phocas, and as lately as the year 608. I believe it is one of the last things of the sort ever placed in the Forum. The column itself, however, is supposed to be much older, and to have been taken from some ancient and ruined temple. It may have been truly one of those that supported the bridge. The name of Phocas, it would seem, had been partially erased, after his fall: a circumstance which shows that men

have the same envious stone-defacing propensities under all circumstances.

There are many other remains in and about the Forum, some of which are of more interest than those mentioned; but I have taken these, as my object is to offer you a picture of Rome as it is, rather than to pretend to any great antiquarian knowledge. You know I am no antiquary. I do not think many of these constructions equal expectation, with the exception of the Coliseum, and perhaps I ought to add, the remains that give us notions of the vastness of the palaces.

By following a road up a sharp acclivity, we reach the summit of the Capitol Hill,—or rather its square, for the land is higher on both sides of it than in the area itself. The surface has undergone a good deal of change; though it is thought still easy to trace the sites of the ancient constructions. The Capitol of Rome and the Capitol of Washington were as different as the two countries to which they belonged. The former, originally, was a town; then a fortress, or a citadel; and, in the end, it be-

came a collection of different objects of high interest, principally devoted to religious rites. If any particular *building* was called the Capitol, it was the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which is described as not being very large, though very magnificent; not large as a *building*, though large as a *temple*; for few of the Roman temples appear to have been of any great size. The senate assembled in the Curia, which was on the Forum, as you know, and not in the Capitol at all.

The buildings that are now called the Capitol stand on the centre of the mount, facing the north. They consist of three detached edifices, that occupy three sides of a square, with a noble flight of steps in their front. The central edifice contains prisons and offices, and the others are filled with works of art. The celebrated statue of Marcus Aurelius, the only equestrian bronze statue of ancient Rome in existence, stands in the centre of the area, and, although the horse is heavy and even clumsy, according to American notions, a noble thing it is. The ease and the motion of this statue are

beyond description. It may, at once, be set down as the model of all we possess of merit in these two respects. The artist may have had a model for this in some other work of art; but, certain I am, this has been a model for all we now possess. The senatorial palace, or the centre building of the modern Capitol, from which we obtain the name and uses of *our* Capitols, is not very old, and it stands on the foundations of the ancient Tabularium, a structure that contained the table of the Roman laws, treaties, &c. The building was originally a sort of fortress, and probably obtained its name of the Capitol from its situation.

We call our legislative structures Capitols, under some mistaken notion, I think, about the uses of the Roman Capitol. Let this be as it may, the Romans gave this name to *their* hill from the circumstance of finding a head buried in it; and it might have been well had we waited until some signs of a head had appeared on our own, before we christened the edifices so ambitiously. But taste in names is not the

strong point of American invention. After all, too, the American Capitol has proved the grave of divers sounding heads.

I cannot stop to speak of all the objects of interest that crowd Rome, for descriptions of which you will search the more regular books; but we will descend from the Capitol Hill by the winding carriage road near the great stairs, and, riding round its base by narrow streets, for here the modern town commences in earnest, and crossing the end of the Corso, we find ourselves in a large open space, surrounded by houses, with a street around an area in the centre; which area lies several feet below the level of the streets, is paved, has a great many broken columns and other fragments scattered about it, and a noble column entire, standing at one end:—this is the Forum of Trajan.

Until the year 1812 this place was covered with houses. A beautiful column rose among them, half concealed by the buildings, and partly buried. The column is 132 feet high, was surmounted by a statue of the emperor,

which has disappeared, and has been replaced by one of St. Peter. It is covered with *bas reliefs*, wrought in the marble, representing scenes from the Dacian wars. This column was the model of that of the Place Vendôme, at Paris. There is staircase within, and, until the time named, those who chose to mount by the outside to examine it, descended as in a well.

The celebrity of this column is well established. The *bas reliefs* have a high reputation, and must have cost an immensity of labour, as there are more than two thousand figures, besides military insignia. The Forum was the richest of Rome; and its length is supposed to have been near 2000 Roman feet, and its breadth more than 600. This is more, however, than has been uncovered, and probably more than is certainly known to have ever existed. In 1812 the column was laid bare to the base, where a door affords entrance; and a good deal of the Forum has also been excavated, and walled, as usual. The diggings, however, are not so deep as those of the great Forum, the pavement of

the place lying only about eight or ten feet below that of the town.

Returning to the Corso, we will next ride along that street, the principal avenue of Rome. It is probable, the Flaminian Way faced the Temple of Jupiter, or the Capitol; but the modern termination of this street is altogether unworthy of the street itself. Like the Rhine at Leyden, it is lost in a maze of narrow, crowded, and crooked passages.

Following this street between lines of palaces, we come to the Piazza Colonna, where we find the column that is usually called the Column of Antoninus. It is higher and larger, and a century later than that of Trajan, but by no means its equal in beauty. This column *appears* to stand, as it was erected, on a level with the surrounding earth: but we are told this is an error, as the pedestal now seen is a substitute in part, and the old one is still buried to the depth of eleven feet. Even the inscriptions, which are only about two centuries and a half old, (or about as old as ourselves, as a nation!) are thought to be incorrect; for it

ascribes the column to Marcus Antoninus, in honour of his father-in-law Antoninus Pius, when, in fact, it was erected by the senate, in honour of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, to commemorate his victories in Germany.

The palaces around this square belong to the great families of Piombino, Chigi, &c. and have thirteen or fifteen windows in a row, besides being built around courts. The square near, with an unequal little eminence and an obelisk, is called Citorio. The eminence is caused by the ruins of an amphitheatre. The obelisk, which Pliny attributes to Sesostris (!) was brought from Egypt by Augustus. It was placed in the Campus Martius, and found there as lately as in 1748.

We will now wend our way through narrow and crowded streets, for a short distance, until we come out in another square of a very different character. We find it filled with market people, dirty, and far from attractive; although there is an obelisk in its centre. On the side opposite to that by which we enter it, however, is an edifice, that, as a second look

shows, possesses a strange mixture of beauty and deformity. Its form is round; though the adjoining buildings prevent this circumstance from being immediately seen. It has a noble portico, with a fine row of columns, but a tympanum which is altogether too heavy. Two little belfries peep out, like asses' ears, at each side of the portico, in a way to make a spectator laugh, while he wonders that the man who devised them did not stick them on his own head. An inscription on the cornice causes us to start; for we see in large letters, M. AGRIPPA . L. F. COS. TERTIVM . FECIT. This, then, is the Pantheon!

You will be disappointed with the *coup d'œil* of this celebrated structure, as well as I was myself. You will probably find the building too low, the appliances of the square unseemly, the manner in which the building is surrounded by houses oppressive, the *ears* too long, and, above all, the Roman heaviness of the pediment but a poor substitute for the grace and lightness of the Grecian architecture of the same form. It is thought that the body of the

building and the portico are not of the same period. The inscription speaks for itself; and the last, at least, it is fair to infer, was erected about the year 727 of Rome, or a short time previously to the birth of Christ.

On entering the building, it is impossible not to be struck by its simple and beautiful grandeur. A vast vaulted rotunda, of solid stone, without a basement, and lighted by a graceful opening that permits a view of the firmament, are things so novel, so beautiful, not to say sublime, that one forgets the defects of the exterior. This idea is one of the most magnificent of its kind that exists in architecture. The opening, a circular hole in the top, admits sufficient light, and the eye, after scanning the noble vault, seeks this outlet, and penetrates the blue void of infinite space. Here is, at once, a suitable physical accompaniment to the mind, and the aid of one of the most far-reaching of our senses is enlisted on the side of omnipotence, infinite majesty, and perfect beauty. Illimitable space is the best prototype of eternity.

I believe the vulgar notion that the Pantheon

was dedicated to *all* the gods is erroneous. It is a better opinion, it would seem, to suppose that it was dedicated to a few gods, in whom *all* or many of the divine *attributes* are assembled. This, after all, is begging the question, as the gods themselves, it is fair to presume, represented merely so many different attributes of infinite power and excellence. The niches are not sufficient to hold many statues, and there probably never were statues in the building to one half the deities of Rome.

One of the principal external faults of this edifice, as it is now seen, must not be ascribed to its architecture. Its majesty is impaired by its want of height; but it has been ascertained that eight steps anciently existed in front of the portico, in place of the two which are now seen. The diameter of the rotunda is 132 Roman feet; and this is the edifice, as you know, that Michael Angelo boasted he would raise into the air, as a cupola for St. Peter's. He has raised there something very like it.

Since the year 608 the Pantheon has virtually been a Christian church. There is a long period

during which it is not mentioned; but it is fair to presume, it has always preserved its present character since the year just mentioned. At one time the palace of the popes adjoined this temple, and then it served as their private chapel.

We will not return to the Corso, but, winding our way out of this maze of streets, return home by the Via Ripetta. The huge palace we pass near the river, in the shape of a harpsichord, is that of the Borghese family, and it is at present occupied by the Prince Aldobrandini, the brother of Don Camillo, who married the sister of Napoleon. It is a huge edifice, with courts, and is worthy to be a royal abode. Still, it is by no means the best house in Rome; but he who has not seen this town, or rather Italy, can form no just idea of magnificence in this part of life.

LETTER XXIV.

Mode of living, and uncleanliness of houses, unjustly censured.—Palazzo Borghese.—State of Society.—Cecisbeism.—Females of Rome.—Higher and lower classes of Italians.—The English disliked.—Hopes of advancing Romanism in America.—Religious bigotry diminished.—Disrespect of Protestants in attending the Singing at St. Peter's.—Buffoonery of Servants of a Cardinal at devotion.—Magnificence of Church Architecture.—Roof of St. Peter's.—The Lateran.—The Vatican.—Frescoes of Raphael.—Celebrated Pictures.—Statuary.—The Apollo, and the Laocoon.—Fresco by Michael Angelo.

THE close of the last letter reminds me of the propriety of saying something of the mode of living in Rome. Nothing has surprised me more than the accounts given in English books of the filth, nastiness, and other pretended abominations of the princely abodes here, as well as of the mode of life within them. The English, as a people, have been singularly unjust commentators on all foreign usages and foreign people; though they are fast losing their prejudices, and beginning to discriminate between customs. Neither the Italians, nor any other

Continental nation, deem the English snuggeries indispensable to happiness. They admire a rich *parquet*, or a floor of imitation mosaic, more than a pine or an oaken floor carpeted. Their staircases are broad architectural flights, on which a stair-carpet and brass rods would be singularly misplaced; and the great size of their houses renders the minutiæ of our pigmy residences not only unnecessary, but would render them excessively troublesome and expensive. Certainly the English and the Americans are neater in their houses than the French or the Italians; but a large portion of what has been said against the higher classes of the two latter countries may, I think, be fairly explained in this way. As between the labouring classes of England and America on the one side, and those of the Continent of Europe in general on the other, there is no comparison, on the score of civilization and its comforts; the advantage being altogether with the former. The mass of no nation can have domestic comforts, or domestic cleanliness, when the women are subjected to field labour. Exactly in the proportion as the females can turn their atten-

tion within doors, does the home become comfortable and neat, other things being equal. But, beyond this, false notions exist. The Englishman of rank, through the perfection of the manufactures and the commerce of his country, has a detail of comforts of a certain class, and perhaps of a wider class than the Continental nobility; but, on the other hand, there are other essential points in which he falls far behind them. What, for instance, are the chamber-comforts and elegancies of an English town-house, compared to those of an Italian town-house? Compare the baths, dressing-rooms, and ante-chambers of a French hotel, or an Italian palazzo, with the same things in a London residence! The baths, dressing-rooms, cabinets, and ante-chambers of our lodgings in Florence were as spacious, and much more elegant than our entire lodgings in London; and I think all our rooms in the latter town had not more space than one of the principal rooms in the former. I paid thirty-five dollars a week for the London house, and forty-two dollars a month for the Florence lodgings!

Travellers are too much in the practice of describing under the influence of their early and home-bred impressions. As a man sees the world, his prejudices diminish, his diffidence of his own decisions increases, and with both, his disposition to write. Many a man has commenced travelling with a firm intention of faithfully describing all he saw, and of commenting, as he conceived, impartially, but who has gradually suffered this intention to escape him, until he gets to be too critical in his distinctions to satisfy even himself. Thus, the English cockney, who has never seen a house with more than two drawing-rooms, fancies it extraordinary that an Italian, with a palace larger than St. James's, should not always occupy its state apartments, although his own king is guilty of the same act of neglect. Instead of saying that the Princes Doria, Chigi, Borghese, Colonna, Corsini, &c. have vast palaces like George IV. and that their state apartments are liberally thrown open to the public, while, like King George and all other kings, they occupy, in every-day life, rooms of

less pretension and of more comfort, they say, that these Roman nobles have huge palaces, — a fact that cannot be denied, — while they live in corners of them. This false account of the real state of the case arises simply from the circumstance that an English nobleman occupies *his* best rooms. The question whether the second-rate rooms of an Italian palace are not equal to the best apartments of an ordinary English dwelling, never suggests itself.

I visit in the Palazzo Borghese, which stands in our neighbourhood. The Prince himself resides altogether at Florence, where he has another noble house, and in which he receives magnificently ; but, here, a large part of the building is filled with pictures, in order to be exhibited to strangers. It is true the *appartamente nobile*, or first floor, is not now opened, for the family of the Prince Aldobrandini is here merely on a visit: he is a younger brother, and his proper residence may be called Paris, the Princess being a French lady of the family De Larochefoucauld. Accordingly, when admitted, I certainly do not enter the state apartments, but

am shown into what we call the third story, where I find the family. A pretty picture might be made of this, but it would mislead you. Here is a princely family, with an enormous house, it might be said, that lives in a corner of it, even on the second floor, leaving all the principal rooms unoccupied. This is the ordinary English version of the custom, and, of necessity, the ordinary American. In point of fact, however, the ascent to this third story is far more imposing, and quite as easy, as the ascent to a common London drawing-room; and, with but very few exceptions, I have never seen an English nobleman so well lodged in London, in his best rooms, as the present occupants of the Palazzo Borghese are *in their corner*. The misconception has arisen from the difference in the habits of the two countries, and we have adopted the error, as we adopt all English mistakes that do not impair our good opinion of ourselves: in other words, we swallow them whole.

There are Italian nobles, out of doubt, who are not rich enough to keep up their vast pa-

laces; and there are English nobles in the same predicament. In such cases, the Englishman retires to the Continent in order to live cheap; and the Italian retires to his attic, or *mezzinino*, which is frequently better than the first floor of an English town-house. The latter can live cheapest at home.

As to the filth on the staircases, which the English accounts had led me to expect, I have seen none of it, in any palace I have entered. It is possible that some deserted staircase, or that the corridor of one of these huge piles, may occasionally be defiled in that way, for it has happened in London to the best houses; but, as a distinctive usage, the accounts are altogether false, so far as eighteen months' experience of Italy can authorize me to decide. There are certain disadvantages belonging to magnificence, which is never so comfortable and so minutely nice as snugger modes of living; but if one cannot have snugness with magnificence and taste, neither can one have magnificence and taste with snugness. Homilies might be written on the moral part of the question;

but to understand the physical merits, it is necessary to enter into all these distinctions.

I know too little of Italian society to say anything new about it, or even to speak very confidently on any of the old usages. The daughters of particular families, I believe, are getting to have more of a voice in the choice of husbands than formerly; though France is still much in advance of Italy in this respect. I take this one fact to be the touchstone of domestic manners; for the woman who has freely made her own selection will hesitate long before she consents to destroy the great pledge of connubial affection. Cecisbeism certainly exists, for I have seen proofs of it; but I incline to the opinion that foreigners do not exactly understand the custom. By what I can learn, too, it is gradually yielding to the opinions of the age. A foreigner married to an Italian of rank, and who has long been resident in Italy, tells me its social tone is greatly impaired by the habits of the women, who are so much disposed to devote themselves to their sentiment in favour of particular individuals, as to have no

wish to mingle in general society. Whether these individuals were the husbands or not, the lady did not appear to think it necessary to say.

The females of Rome are among the most winning and beautiful of the Christian world. One can understand the *bocca Romana* who has been here a week, for no females speak their language more beautifully. The manner in which they pronounce that beautiful and gracious word "*grazie*," is music itself. A French woman's "*merci*" is pretty, but it is mincing, and not at all equal to the Roman "thanks." After all, as language is the medium of thought, and the link that connects all our sympathies, there is no more desirable accomplishment than a graceful utterance. Unfortunately, our civilization is not yet sufficiently advanced to see this truth, — or rather, the *summerset* habits of America cause us to forget it; for I can remember the time when a lady deemed an even, measured, and dignified mode of speaking, necessary to a lady's deportment. It is a little odd, in a country so ambitious of mere social distinctions as our

own, distinctions that must exist in some shape or other, since social equality is incompatible with civilization, and in which girls can and do milk cows in silks and muslins, that so few think of setting up elegance, as a means of distinction! My life on it, those who succeeded would have it all their own way for a good many lustres.

Rome, just at this moment, contains a congress of all the people of Christendom. Its most obvious society, perhaps, is the English; but it is by no means the best, as it is necessarily much mixed. I was lately at a great ball given by the Prince of ——, and it certainly was faultless as to taste and style. I do not remember ever to have been in a society so uniformly elegant and high-toned. The exceptions were very few, and not very obtrusive. The apartments were vast and magnificent, and the supper equal to the rest. But the Italians of condition may be generally considered a polished and amiable people, whatever is thought of their energy and learning. In the latter there is no very apparent deficiency;

though they attend less to this point, perhaps, than some other countries of Europe. In the studious classes, it strikes me there is much learning; not a knowledge of Greek and Latin quantities merely, but a knowledge of the sciences and of the arts, and a strong sympathy with the beauties of the classics.

In the lower classes I have been agreeably disappointed. Strangers certainly see the worst of them; for a kinder and quicker-witted, and a more civil people, than most of the country population, is not usually seen. Had we formed our notions by even the first nine months' experience, it would have misled us, for the subsequent experience has made us acquainted with several dependants of the most excellent character and disposition.

Few foreigners, however, see much of Italian society; for the great inroad of strangers causes them to be cautious of opening their doors, and the number of the strangers themselves is apt to make them satisfied with their own association. It is said that there are some thousands of travellers in Rome at this moment;

and you can judge of their effect on the modes of living of so small a town. The English, as a matter of course, predominate, at least in the public places and in the hotels. At the ball I attended, however, there were but three English present; though half the other nations of Christendom were fully represented. This fact was observed, and I ventured to inquire of a Roman the reason. The answer was, that the master of the house did not like the English; and although the entertainment was given to a prince of a royal family nearly connected with the royal family of England, but three of the latter country were invited. I was told that the disposition to force their own opinions and habits on the strangers they visited rendered the English unpleasant, and that there was a general feeling against receiving them. This may be just enough as respects a portion, perhaps the majority of those who come here; but it is singularly unjust as respects the better class of them, and it is the Romans who are the losers.

It is said the English bachelors here got up

a ball lately, with a view to manifest a kind feeling towards their hosts, and that the invitations were sent out as "at homes;" a freedom that the Roman ladies resented by staying away. So much from not understanding a language; though delicacy and tact in conferring obligations and in paying compliments are not singularly English virtues.

We have had a dinner, too, in honour of Washington, at which I had the honour to preside. You will be surprised to hear that we sat down near seventy Yankees (in the European sense) in the Eternal City! We were very patriotic, but quite moderate in its expression.

I have ascertained that strong hopes exist here of advancing the religion of this government in America. If this can be done, let it, for I am for giving all sects fair play; but as such expectations certainly exist, it may be well for those who think differently to know it. One of the last things that an American would be likely to suspect, is the conversion of his countrymen to the Roman Catholic faith; and

yet such a result is certainly here brought within the category of possibilities. I would advise you to take large doses of Calvinism, or you may awake, some fine morning, a believer in transubstantiation.

You will be surprised also to learn that there is less religious bigotry in Rome itself than in many of the distant provinces subject to her canonical sway. The government being in the hands of ecclesiastics, as a matter of course no open irreligion is tolerated; but, beyond this, and the great number of the churches and of the ecclesiastics themselves, a stranger would scarcely suspect he was living purely under an ecclesiastical government. The popes are not the men they once were: nepotism, cupidity, and most of the abuses incident to excessive temporal influence, are done away with; and as the motive for ambition ceases, better men have been raised to the papal chair. Most of the last popes have been mild, religious men, and, so far as man can know, suited to their high religious trusts; though the system is still obnoxious to the

charge of more management, perhaps, than properly belongs to faith in God and his church. But all establishments are weak on this point, and the general assemblies, &c. of America are not always purely a convocation of saints.

Strangers are no longer expected to kneel at the appearance of the Host in the streets, or even in the churches. The people understand the prejudices of Protestants, and, unless offensively obtruded, seem disposed to let them enjoy them in peace. I saw a strong proof of this lately:—A friend of mine, walking with myself, stepped aside in a narrow street, for a purpose that often induces men to get into corners. He thought himself quite retired; but, as I stopped for him to rejoin me, a crowd collected around the spot he had just quitted. Without his knowing it, the image of a Madonna was placed in the wall, directly above the spot he had chosen, and of course it had been defiled! I saw all this myself; and it is a proof of the change that exists in this particular, that I dared to remain to watch the result, though my friend himself thought it prudent to retire. A

priest appeared, and the wall was sprinkled with holy water, while the people stood looking on, some at the wall and some at me, in grave silence. Thirty years ago such a blunder might have cost us both our lives.

Indeed, liberality, in some respects, is carried to a fault. The singing of St. Peter's has a reputation far and near, and strangers are accustomed to go there to hear it. There is a particular chapel in which a service is sung, (vespers, I presume,) every Sunday afternoon, and where one can hear the finest vocal church music in the world,—music even finer than that of the Royal Chapel at Dresden. At the latter place, however, the music is chiefly instrumental; whereas here it is principally by voices. One who has never seen such a temple, or heard such a combination of science, skill, and natural —I may say *artificial* power, can form no just notion of the sensations that arise on walking among the wonders of the church and listening to the heavenly chants. Sometimes I withdraw to a distance, and the sounds reach me like the swells of airs in another world; and at times I

go near the door of the chapel, and receive the full bursts of its harmony. Operas, concerts, and *conservatoirs* sink into insignificance before this sublime union of the temple and its worship; for both may be considered as having reached the limits of human powers, so far as the senses are concerned.

Around the door of this chapel, which is, I believe, called the Chapel of the Choir, strangers assemble in crowds. Here, I regret to say, they laugh, chat, lounge, and amuse themselves, much as well-bred people amuse themselves in an evening party anywhere else. There is not much noise certainly, for well-bred people are not often noisy; but there is little or no reverence. After making all possible allowance for the difference between Catholic and Protestant worship, this want of respect for the altar and the temple is inexcusable. Happily, I have never yet seen an American indulging in this levity. The fact speaks volumes in reply to those who heap obloquy on the nation as wanting in religion. The larger American sects manifest a great disrespect for the mere house

of God: they hold political meetings in their churches, even concerts and exhibitions, all of which I deem irreverent and unsuited to the place; but whenever anything like worship is commenced, silence and decency prevail. This feeling they have brought abroad with them; but other Protestants, especially the English, who are such observers of the decencies at home, do not appear to entertain the same feelings.

Still, it must be admitted that the Catholics themselves do not always set a good example. I was strolling lately through the vast temple, equally impressed with reverence and delight, when a cardinal entered by a side door. He was a young man, with a marked air of gentility; and I presume his early rise in the church was owing to his high birth. He was in his official dress, and carried the red hat pressed against his bosom. As he entered from the Vatican, I presume he had just been in the presence of the Pope. Four attendants followed, two of whom were in black, and were a species of clerical esquires, though their official appellation is unknown to me; and two

were common livery servants. The cardinal advanced to the great altar, beneath the celebrated baldachino, and, kneeling, he prayed. Nothing could be better than his whole manner, which was subdued, gentle, and devout. So far all was well. The two *esquires* kneeled behind the cardinal on the pavement, put their hats to their faces, and appeared also to pray. The two lacqueys kneeled behind the esquires, the distance between the respective parties being about twenty feet; and they too raised their hats before their faces,—but it was to laugh and make grimaces at each other! This buffoonery was so obvious as to amount to mockery, and one near them might see it.

You know my passion for the poetry of the Roman worship. The odour of the incense, the vaulted roofs, attenuated aisles and naves, the painted windows, and the grand harmonies of the chants, are uniting sources of delight to me. It is true, at Rome one sees no Gothic architecture; but its place is nobly supplied. The riches as well as the number of the churches are incredible, and one can only become recon-

ciled to the apparent waste by remembering that the pretence is to honour God. A temple in the human heart is certainly better than one of stone; but I see no incompatibility between the two. These are distinctions into which I do not enter; or, if sometimes tempted to make them, I feel persuaded that it is quite as possible to strip the altar of its dignity and decencies, as it is to overload it with useless ceremonies and pageants.

No one who has not visited Rome can have a just appreciation of the powers of Dominichino and Guido, or perhaps of Raphael,—though the latter is to be seen to advantage elsewhere,—or any idea of the pass to which men have carried the magnificence of church architecture. I do not now allude solely to the unrivalled grandeur of St. Peter's, but to the splendour of the churches in general, and especially to that of the private chapels. These private chapels have been ornamented by different families for ages, and the result is, that they have literally become architectural gems, though less in the sense of a pure taste, perhaps, than in that of an elaborated

magnificence. That of the Corsini, in St. John of the Lateran, is the richest I have seen; and I feel persuaded that I speak within bounds when I say, the money that would be necessary to build such a thing in America would cause ten or a dozen of our largest churches to be constructed. The great resources of Rome in antiques, columns, precious stones, and marbles, render these expenses less onerous than elsewhere; but their value even here is immense. The Prince of —— showed me a mosaic ornament in his vestibule, that had now been there some ages; and he told me that the precious stones it contained would sell for a very large sum.

Vasi has a list of one hundred and thirty-three churches; and as he describes them all, I presume the little chapels that have been made out of the ancient temples, of which there may be a dozen or two, are not included. The smallest of these churches, if the little temples are excluded, are as large as the largest of our own; and each of the basilicæ, of which there are now six, is nearly, if not quite as large, in

cubic contents, as all the churches of New York united. St. Peter's, of course, is much larger; and, if the colonnade be included, I feel persuaded all the public buildings of New York might stand on its area,—to say nothing of the height.

We have lately ascended to the roof of this wonder of the world. It resembles a table laid on a mountain, and I was strongly impressed with the notion of having a horse to gallop about it. The two small domes rise from the plane like churches, and the great dome looks like a mountain. The sacristy of this church is of itself a great edifice, and it is rich beyond all American notions.

St. John *in Laterano* is said to get its name from Plautius Lateranus, whose house stood at the same place. The Lateran Palace joins the church, as the Vatican joins St. Peter's. The present palace was built by Sixtus V; but Constantine resided here. There is a very ancient baptistery in the group of buildings, in which it is pretended that emperor was baptised; though a man who had made up his mind to

be a Christian, would hardly wait to build a church to perform the initiatory ceremony in, I think. The term "councils of the *Lateran*" came from their being held in this palace, as that of the "thunders of the Vatican" from the circumstance that the popes, who issue the bulls, usually live here.

St. Peter's of the Vaticano, as well as the palace, to which it is annexed, if such a term may be used, gets its name from the ancient Roman appellation of the spot. Nero had his circus and gardens here; and it is said that this is the place in which most of the Christians were martyred. The first church was relatively small, though subsequently much enlarged; but it was removed when the present building had got to be advanced. The palace is very ancient, though much changed, for Charlemagne lived in it while at Rome to be crowned, which was more than a thousand years ago. It fell into ruins, however, and was restored by Celestinus III. two centuries later. It has certainly been in in its present form more than three centuries, as Raphael and Michael Angelo have left me-

morials on its walls not to be mistaken. The latter essentially roofed and raised St. Peter's, and it follows that the present palace is older than the present church. In truth, the latter was erected as an accessory to the former!

The Vatican is an immense structure, covering more ground than St. Peter's itself; though it is a succession of courts and palaces rather than a single edifice. Vasi gives its dimensions at about 1100 by near 800 feet. This includes the courts, but not the gardens. I have somewhere read, that if the buildings of the Vatican were placed in a line, they would reach a mile.

The palace and the church are incorporated in one edifice; but, owing to the noble colonnade by which one approaches St. Peter's, its unity and vastness, particularly its height, and the fact that the Vatican has no great visible façade, the latter is almost lost in the *coup d'œil* of the other, although it covers most ground of the two, unless the area of the vacancy between the colonnades be thrown in on the side of the church.

It is usual to say, the conclaves are held in

the Vatican; but I understand here, that the last election of the Pope was held in the Quirinal, or rather in the building adjoining the Quirinal. The palace of the Quirinal is called the Pontifical Palace, and I believe most of the time of the Pope is passed in it. His apartments are very plain, so much so as to excite surprise: but here are the noble *bas reliefs* of Thorwaldsen.

The frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican, and those of the Sistine Chapel, in the same palace, by Michael Angelo, are deemed the respective *chefs d'œuvre* of these artists. The *loggie* of Raphael contain some extraordinary things. The paintings are on the ceilings of compartments, in what we should call piazzas, or open galleries. The subjects commence with the Creation. On one, God, in the form of a venerable old man, is throwing himself into the midst of chaos, in order to separate and reduce to order the materials of the universe. The sublimest conception of this subject, the only one that will bear critical examination, is that of a being whose will and knowledge,

without an effort, can create a universe. The simple language of the Bible can never be surpassed. A representation of this majesty of a will might possibly be partially portrayed by the pencil; but few could enter even into the sublimest conceptions of the countenance of a being filled with so much power, admitting the success to be equal to the thought, in the application of the means. Failing this, we are driven to some such imagery as this of Raphael's. His idea is noble, and, considered in connexion with the usual means of his art, perhaps one of the best that could have been suggested. The idea of the Deity's throwing himself into chaos, to separate light from darkness, and to reduce the materials of the universe to order, is magnificent, and it might be made to tell in poetry. It never can equal the majesty of the exercise of the pure will; but, descending from this severe grandeur, it is one of the finest of the thoughts that follow. What a different thing it appears reduced to visible agencies! An old sprawling man, casting his body, with open palms and extended arms, into a

chaotic confusion of gloomy colours, is not without the wild and indefinable feeling of poetry, I admit; but how much is it inferior to mere thought, or even thought as it may be expressed in language! Had Raphael painted that sublime verse of the Bible—"And God said, Let there be light, and there was light," in this compartment of the gallery, he would have commenced his subject as well, perhaps, as by human means it can ever be presented to human senses.

It is wonderful that one who could conceive of even the old man throwing his body into chaos, should have fallen so low as the idea of the next picture. In the compartment of the gallery that follows, the same old man is represented starting a planet in its orbit with each hand, and setting the moon, or some other heavenly body, in motion, with a kick of his foot! Criticism applied to such a thought would be thrown away.

I am not going the rounds of the galleries and museums with you; but you will be curious to know what impression the great works

of art have produced on me. Six or eight of the most celebrated easel pictures of the world are in the Vatican. They are kept in a room by themselves, for the convenience of being copied. The Transfiguration is at their head; and the Communion of St. Jerome is placed at its side, as its great rival. Of these pictures I prefer the last; though the delineation of an old man certainly admits most of the trickery of the art. I think, were the choice mine, I would select many pictures before the Transfiguration. Still, it is a great picture, and in some respects, perhaps, unequalled. Its beauties, too, are of a high order, being principally intellectual, and its faults are more mechanical. I must think, however, that this picture owes a portion of its great reputation to the fact that it was the last the artist painted; and he died, as one may say, with its subject in his mind.

Most of the statuary is placed in long galleries, through which one walks for hours with absorbing interest. The precision and nature with which the ancients wrought brutes is surprising; more especially dogs in attitudes

which, while they are both natural and beautiful, are seldom long maintained. This skill denotes a German minuteness that one hardly expects from the Romans. But the most precious of the statues are in a tribune, beautifully arranged as to light, and so placed as to permit the spectator, virtually, to see but one at a time. This is a great improvement on the ordinary gallery disposition; for the crowd of objects usually causes confusion rather than delight, on a first visit. A great number of grave-stones of martyred Christians have been collected, and are preserved here. They are recognised by the cross, which, it is known, was carved on them.

Certainly, it was a sensation when I first found myself in the gallery of this tribune,—or perhaps it is better to call it a colonnade, or a portico. This place contains many minor attractions; but its principal works are the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Antinous, and the Perseus,—and the Boxers of Canova.

It is unfortunate that the Perseus should be so near the Apollo, for the points of resemblance are sufficiently obvious. This latter statue sur-

passed all my expectations, familiar as one becomes with it by copies; and yet it is now conjectured that it is merely a copy! I write with diffidence on so delicate a point; but such is the suspicion that is whispered so loud that any one may hear. It is said it has been ascertained that the marble is of Carrara,—a circumstance that at once destroys its Greek origin. If this be a copy, the original was probably of bronze, and is now corroding somewhere in the earth, indeed, if it be not melted down. The polished roundness of this statue, which shows a pretty even surface for want of muscles, may account for a copy of so much beauty. The expression is principally in the attitude, which might be imitated with mathematical accuracy; and though the most pleasing, and, in some respects, the noblest statue known, I should think it one of those the most easily reproduced by skilful artists. For your comfort I will add, that the casts and copies of this statue that are usually seen in America bear some such resemblance to the original as a military uniform made in a country village bears to the

regulation suit ordered by government and invented by a crack town-tailor. You get the colour, facings and buttons, with such a cut and fit as Providence may direct.—The Dying Gladiator and the Faun are in the collection of the Capitol. I think this distribution of the *chefs d'œuvre* unfortunate.

Whatever may be the truth as respects the Apollo, one would find it almost impossible to believe the Laocoon a copy; though I believe the profane have whispered even this calumny. There are one or two good copies of this work, but it struck me that no one could closely imitate the surface. It is true, we have no original to compare it with, and may fancy that perfect which, strictly, would prove to be otherwise; for the world is often deceived in the details, when there is great merit in the principal features of a work. Certainly, I think the Laocoon the noblest piece of statuary that the world possesses.

Pliny mentions this statue, or at least one of the same nature, as the masterpiece of Grecian art that was then to be found in Rome. He ascribes it to *three statuaries!* If this fact were

well authenticated, I should hesitate about believing it anything more than a copy from the bronze.—Is not Pliny's authority enough, you may be inclined to ask, to settle a question like this?—I think not. Pliny wrote about the year 90. Winkelman refers this statue to the age of Alexander the Great, who died four centuries earlier. Now, you may judge how much more likely Pliny, in the condition of the world in his time, would be, than we ourselves, to get at the truth of a similar fact of as old date. Europe is filled with pictures that the imputed artists never saw. The celebrated "Belle Jardinière" of the Louvre is said to be a copy surreptitiously obtained by Mazarin; and I remember one day, when admiring the beautiful Marriage of St. Catharine, in the same gallery, to have been almost persuaded against my will that it was a copy, and yet Correggio has not been dead three centuries.

While writing this letter, I find proof of the doubtful character of authorities. The work of Mrs. Starke is well known, and it certainly has great merit in its way. This lady, however,

like most of her sex, has no definite notions of distances, surfaces, &c. Few mere writers have; for they usually are not practical people. In speaking of the Vatican, Mrs. Starke, whom I had consulted with the hope of being able to give you something in feet and inches, says, "its present circumference is computed to be near *seventy thousand feet.*" To adopt this lady's own mode of expressing admiration, "!!!!" A mile contains five thousand two hundred and eighty feet; and this will make a circumference of rather more than thirteen miles, which is but little short of the circuit of the existing walls of Rome. Seven thousand feet may be true; though even that appears a large allowance to me.

As respects the comparison between manuscripts and books, the latter are more to be depended on for accuracy, since, although liable to errors of the press, the number of the editions leaves more opportunities for correction than the system of publishing by written copies. The last edition of a standard work is always chosen for its correctness, especially if printed

during the author's life; but who can say when the few manuscripts of Pliny that we possess were written out? when, or by whom, or under what correction? To lay much stress, therefore, on a fact that must necessarily be traditional, or taken at second-hand, and which rests altogether on the testimony of a book, is far from safe. There are things of public notoriety in particular places, at the time of their publication, on which a writer may generally be trusted; but when we come to matters of second-hand intelligence, or which are less notorious, it is wiser to believe a circumstance, than to believe a sentence in a book, however well turned. If the Apollo be truly of Carrara marble, for instance, it is scarcely probable it can be a Grecian statue, and then it is at once reduced to the rank of a copy; for no Roman sculptor could have made it. The alternative is to suppose it the work of some Greek, in Italy. It is just possible, it is true, that a block of Carrara marble may have found its way to Greece; but, admitting this, it would scarcely have been used by the artist of *the*

Apollo, on an original of so much merit and importance.

The fresco painting of the Last Judgement, by Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, is one of the most extraordinary blendings of the grand and the monstrous in art. You know the anecdote of this painter's coming into the Farnesina Palace here, when Raphael was employed on its celebrated frescoes, among which is the Galatea, and finding no one in the room, by way of contempt for the prettiness of the divine master, his sketching a gigantic head in a cornice with coal. This head still remains, Raphael having had the good-nature not to disturb it, and every one sees it as a proof of the rivalry of these celebrated men. Michael Angelo has painted the Last Judgement with the same ideas of the grand as he sketched the Farnesina head. It is not a pleasing picture, the subject scarcely admitting of this; but it is certainly an extraordinary one. I never see the works of these two men without thinking what an artist Buonarotti would have made had he possessed Raphael's gentleness and sensibility

to beauty; as one is apt to fancy what Shakspeare might have done with Milton's subject, had he enjoyed the advantages of Milton's learning and taste. There would have been no stealing from Virgil, through Dante, in the latter case.

I refer you to the regular books for the detailed accounts of the treasures of art with which not only the Vatican, but all Rome abounds, my own gleanings being intended for little more than my own feelings and ruminations.

LETTER XXV.

A Pic-nic on Monte Mario. — Modes of ordinary address in Europe. — View of Rome from Monte Mario. — Comparison between modern Rome and New York.—Contempt of Romans for Strangers. — Rome kept from utter ruin, by the Papacy; — its ultimate fate. — The Pic-nic.

THE Princess V——, a Russian, now in Rome for her health, has lately given a pic-nic on Monte Mario,—if that can be called a pic-nic to which but few contributed.—A pic-nic on Monte Mario! This was not absolutely junketing *in* a ruin, but it was junketing *over* a ruin, and but for the amiable patroness I should have been very apt to decline the invitation. As it was, however, the* Chigi—not

* The Italians use this article very familiarly in speaking of persons. They say *the* Pasta, and even *the* Borghese and *the* Chigi, in speaking of the Princesses of those names. But this is not often done by people of breeding. The custom of speaking of female artistes, such as Mademoiselle Mars, without using the prefix

the *prince*, but the *horse* of the princely breed —was bestridden, and away I galloped, two or three hours before the time. By the way, I do not remember having anywhere spoken of the usages of Europe, as relates to the modes of ordinary address, except, as I have told you, that, in society, simplicity is a general rule of good taste; a law you know as well as the best here.

The Germans have a long-established reputation for the love of official titles. In this respect they resemble the people of New England, who are singularly tenacious of titles, while they are offensively forgetful of the ordinary appellations of polite intercourse. Thus, the very man who will punctiliously style a thief-taker "Officer Roe," will speak of a gentleman as "Doe," or "Old Doe," or "Jim Doe," or as one of his intimates. "Well-born," "nobly born," and such terms, are common enough among the Germans, used by the

of Madame, or Signora, is deemed *mauvais ton*, I believe: certainly, it is not common among the better classes, though quite common among the cockney genteel, especially among those who have travelled just enough to be preeminently affected.

inferior; but woe betide the wight who forgets to give a man his official title! In France there is little of this; though, in business, titles are given freely. M. Préfet, M. Sous-Préfet, M. Sergeant, even, are common French styles of address; but, in society, one hears little of all this,—nothing, it might be said. Military titles, below that of general, are scarcely ever given. This arises from the fact that most officers are, or were, nobles, and their private appellations are thought the most honourable. The same rule exists, more or less, in England. There is at Rome, now, an Englishman of my acquaintance, who lately left a card with "Lt. Colonel" on it; and when I expressed to him my surprise that he should never have used this title before, he answered that until lately he was on half-pay, but that now he was attached, though his regiment was in another country, of course. In private, I never heard him called Colonel; and I presume half his acquaintances here, like myself, were ignorant, until lately, that he was in the army at all.

The common Italians are prodigal of titles.

Almost every gentleman is styled "your excellency," and some of the addresses of letters that one gets are odd enough. Beyond this, the same simplicity exists as is found elsewhere.

To return to Monte Mario. It is a place to which I often go, and lately I was lucky enough to enjoy the spot all alone. There is an avenue lined by poplars, along the brow of the hill; and here I took my station, and sat an hour lost in musing. This hill does not impend over Rome absolutely as Montmartre overlooks Paris; but still it offers the best bird's-eye view of it that can be obtained from any height, though not better than can be had from St. Peter's, nor, in some respects, as good a one as is seen from the belfry of the Capitol. Still, it is a beautiful and impressive scene, and one takes it, pleasantly enough, in a morning ride.

On my mind, the comparison between Rome, as she now is, and one of our own large towns, has irresistibly forced itself on all such occasions. New York, for instance, and the Rome of to-day, are absolutely the moral opposites of each

other; almost the physical opposites too. One is a town of recollections, and the other a town of hopes. With the people of one, the disposition is to ruminate on the past; with the people of its converse, to speculate eagerly on the future. This sleeps over its ruins, while that boasts over its beginnings. The Roman glorifies himself on what his ancestors *have* been, the American on what his posterity *will* be.

These are the more obvious points of difference—such as lie on the surface; but there are others that enter more intimately into the composition of the two people. The traditions of twenty centuries have left a sentiment on the mind of the Roman, which a colonial and provincial history of two has never awakened in the Manhattanese. The people who now live within the walls of Rome are a fragment of the millions that once crowded her streets and Forums; whereas they who bustle through the avenues of New York would have to hunt among themselves to find the children of the burghers of the last generation. *Rome*, like Troy, *was;* but it does not seem that *New*

York, though accumulating annually her thousands, is ever *to be*.

The learned, the polished, the cultivated of every people flock to Rome, and pay homage to her arts, past and present; while the inhabitant still regards *them* as the descendants of the barbarians. Money on one side, and necessity on the other, are gradually changing this contempt; but traces of the feeling are still easily discovered. An American, here, had occasion to prefer a request to this government lately, and the functionary addressed was told by a Roman that the applicant would be sustained by his countrymen. "What is America but a country of ships!" was the haughty answer. What is a ship to a cameo?

We are deemed barbarians by many here who have less pretensions than the Romans to be proud. They who crowd our marts appear there only for gain, and they bring with them little besides their money and the spirit of cupidity. A Roman, in his shop, will scarcely give himself the trouble to ascend a ladder to earn your *scudo;* but, let it be known in Gath that

one has arrived having gold, and he becomes the idol of the hour. Nothing saves his skin but the fact that so many others come equally well garnished.

Rome is a city of palaces, monuments, and churches, that have already resisted centuries; New York, one of architectural expedients, that die off in their generations, like men. The Roman is proud of his birthplace, proud of the past, satisfied with the present, proud of being able to trace his blood up to some consul perhaps. In New York, so little is ancestry, deeds, or anything but money esteemed, that nearly half of her inhabitants, so far from valuing themselves on family, or historical recollections, or glorious acts, scarcely know to what nation they properly belong. While the descendants of those who first dwelt on the Palatine cling to their histories and traditions with an affection as fresh as if the events were of yesterday, the earth probably does not contain a community in which the social relations, so far as they are connected with anything beyond direct and

obvious interests, set so loosely as on that of New York.

"Which of these two people is the happiest," I said to myself, as my eye roamed over the tale-fraught view; "they who dream away existence in these recollections, or they who are so eager for the present as to compress the past and the future into the day, and live only to boast, at night, that they are richer than when the sun rose on them in the morning?" The question is not easily answered; though I would a thousand times rather that my own lot had been cast in Rome, than in New York, or in any other mere trading town that ever existed. As for the city of New York, I would "rather be a dog and bay the moon, than such a Roman."

The Roman despises the Yankee, and the Yankee despises the Roman;—one, because the other is nothing but a man who thinks only of the interests of the day; and this, because that never seems to think of them at all. The people of the Eternal City are a fragment of the descendants of those who, on this precise spot, once

ruled the world; of men surrounded by remains that prove the greatness of their forefathers; of those to whom lofty feelings have descended in traditions, and who, if they do not rise to the level of the past themselves, do not cease to hold it in remembrance: while the great emporium of the West is a congregation of adventurers, collected from the four quarters of the earth, that have shaken loose every tie of birthplace, every sentiment of nationality or of historical connexion; that know nothing of any traditions except those which speak of the Whittingtons of the hour, and care less for any greatness but that which is derived from the largeness of inventories. The first are often absurd, by confounding the positive with the ideal; while the last never rise far enough above the lowest of human propensities to come within the influence of any feeling above that which marks a life passed in the constant struggle for inordinate and grasping gain.—"Dollar, dollar, dollar, dollar; lots, lots, lots, lots!"

I repeat, that the earth does not contain two

towns that, in their histories, habits, objects, avocations, origins, and general characters, are so completely the converse of each other, as Rome and New York. If the people of these two places could be made, reciprocally, to pass a year within each other's limits, the communion would be infinitely salutary to both; for while one party might partially awake from its dream of centuries, the other might discover that there is something valuable besides money.

How much longer Rome will stand, is a question of curious speculation. I do not remember to have seen a single edifice in the course of construction within its walls; those already in existence sufficing, in the main, for its wants. The long supremacy of the Papacy, succeeding so soon to that of the Empire, has been the means of bringing Rome down to our own times; else would the place have most probably been an utter ruin. The palaces of the great nobility, many of whom still possess large estates—the general advancement of Europe in taste, and in a love for art and antiquities, which induce crowds from other countries to

resort hither—and the traffic in cameos, mosaics, statuary, and castings, which adds to the other receipts of the place, will probably suffice to keep Rome a town of interest for ages to come. Its greatest enemy is the *malaria*, which some people affirm is slowly increasing in malignity and extent annually, while others affirm it is stationary. As the descent towards the sea must, in the nature of things, be gradually lessening, it is quite within the limits of possibility that the fate of this illustrious place should be finally decided by the slow progress of those invisible and mysterious means that Providence is known to use in carrying out the great scheme of creation. After all its wars, and sieges, and conflagrations, Rome will, in all likelihood, finally fall "without hands." If you quicken your movements a little, however, it will probably be in your power to reach this memorable spot in time to anticipate the consummation. Like the often-predicted and much-desired dissolution of the American union, it will not arrive in your time or mine.

Our pic-nic on Monte Mario, all this time, is

forgotten. It included Russians, Poles, French, Swiss, Germans, Italians, &c. but no English. I was the only one present who spoke the English as a mother tongue. We had a table placed beneath the trees, and ranged ourselves so as to overlook Rome, while we indulged in creature-comforts *ad libitum.* A thunder-cloud gathered among the Sabine Hills, forming a noble background to a panorama of desolation; but the sun continued to shine on Rome itself, as if to show that its light was never to be extinguished.

Among the guests was a clever Frenchman, who had written a witty work on a journey around his own bed-chamber. By way of a practical commentary on his own theoretical travels, he was now making the tour of Europe, in a gig!

LETTER XXVI.

The Carnival at Rome. — Masquerade at a Theatre. — Ludicrous mistake there.—Joke on a New-England Clergyman.— Beauty of Roman Women. — Gaieties of the Carnival. — Sugar-plum artillery.—The Races.—Extinguishing of Tapers.—Observance of Lent, and of Palm-Sunday.—Canonical orders of the Romish Church.—Cardinals. — Popes.— Ceremonies of Holy Week.— The Benediction of the Pope.— Impression left by these ceremonies.—Illumination of St. Peter's.—Fireworks.

We have had the Carnival, with its follies and fun, and are now in the Holy Week. During the former, the Papal Government relaxes much of its severity, admitting of balls, masquerades, ballets, and operas. Although Rome has several theatres, it is not allowed to open them unless in these seasons of licensed gaiety ; the clerical character of the government imposing observances, that are not much attended to elsewhere.

The public masquerades take place in the theatres. One, in particular, in our immediate neighbourhood, is much frequented for such

purposes, and the music alone repays one for the trouble of dressing and masking. The pit and stage are floored, so as to form an immense sala; and the boxes, which in Europe are almost always separated from each other by partitions, are privately hired by families and parties to sit in unmasked. I confess to the folly of preferring a mask, though my ambition has never yet tempted me to go beyond the domino. These places contain the usual proportions of warriors, Greeks, peasants, doctors, which are a favourite character at Rome, devils and buffoons. The Italians are a people of strong humour, and they act their parts, on the whole, better than most other nations; though a masquerade, at the best, is but a dull affair, it is so much easier to find money to cover the body with a rich dress, than brains to support the character!

A ludicrous occurrence to myself took place at one of the masquerades in the theatre mentioned. The families that occupy the lower tier of boxes are commonly of the middle classes, as the floor is so high as to destroy everything

like retirement in them. The masks pass them, of course, and stop, at will, to converse with those who are not masked. Passing one of these boxes, I was struck with the singular beauty of a girl of about seventeen. Her costume was exceedingly pretty, and her face the very *beau ideal* of all that was classical and perfect. I was so much charmed with her appearance, that I went in quest of two or three friends, that they might not lose so rare a sight as a perfect beauty. The admiration was general, and the beauty received our homage with a coy consciousness that served to heighten her charms. At length the party to which she belonged left the box, and made its appearance in the sala. Two of us followed it with a view of getting a nearer sight of the beauty, in order to ascertain whether we could detect any blemish or not. As I was quite near her in the crowd, she spoke, and then, like Slender in the Merry Wives of Windsor, I discovered, by as croaking a voice as ever sang discordantly in the throat of fifteen, that "it was a great lubberly boy!" A classical outline, fine eyes, paint, and dress,

had deceived us all. The effect of these masks is such, at times, as to render the legends of romance less improbable than sceptics fancy.

I have been amused at meeting several of our own people in these scenes who would hesitate about being seen in them in America. One may judge of the amount of freedom in private actions, in the land of steady habits, in particular, by watching the course of its children when out of it. A boyish freak came over W——, an evening or two since, on observing a clergyman of New England standing in the midst of the dancers and masks, and he resolved to trot him. He went up and told the parson, in broken English, that there was a person there who was looking for him in every direction, and, if he was willing, he, W——, would conduct him to the place where the other might be found. The parson consented, with a good face, and he was forthwith led up to and introduced to the most conspicuous devil of the evening. The priest took the thing good-naturedly, and W—— left him with his regular enemy, to battle the matter as

best he might. I do not mention this circumstance with a view to censure this gentleman for being at a masquerade, but simply to contrast it with what is done at home. Cant never yet aided true religion, or protected morals, but, like the supervision of meddlers, it is certain to make hypocrites—the most odious of all sinners. This parson was a liberal at home; a fact that is infinitely to his credit.

I have been struck with the singular beauty of the women who appeared in the streets of Rome during the last week of the Carnival. Most of them are of the middling classes; but, as they appear in open daylight, there cannot be much deception about them. They have all the delicacy of American women, with better busts and shoulders, and are by no means wanting in colour. Their appearance is also singularly feminine and modest.

Certainly, in no place in which I have yet been are the gaieties of the Carnival conducted with so much spirit as here. The young strangers join in the fun with as much gusto as the natives, and it is impossible not to laugh at the

follies that are committed. A usage that is peculiar to the Romans, consists in pelting each other with an imitation of sugar-plums. The gravest men may be seen passing in their carriages, and suddenly jumping up and casting a handful of these small shot into each other's faces. Not satisfied with this, a sort of artillery has been invented, by which they may be thrown with so much accuracy and force as to render a volley annoying. The young English here have appeared in cars made to resemble ships, with crews of ten or a dozen, dressed as sailors; and when two of these cruisers get yard-arm and yard-arm,—for the two lines of vehicles pass in different directions,—there are commonly exchanges of vigorous broadsides. Every one that can, engages a room that overlooks the Corso; and the windows and balconies are filled with ladies, who when they are not kissing their hands to their friends below, are busied in powdering them with sugar-plums. Altogether, one is singularly inclined to play the fool; and I feel satisfied that these *fêtes* contribute to the good-fel-

lowship and kind feelings of a population. The police takes good heed that there shall be no serious horse-play; and some of the sugar-plum artillery even has been suppressed, as likely to lead to more serious contests. Any one who should resent a volley of sugar-plums, when fairly in the field himself, would be deemed a silly and ill-natured churl. It is rumoured here, that a challenge has passed in consequence of some shots; and, although the parties were delicately situated previously, the challenger is generally condemned as an ill-natured fellow who had no business in the streets.

The celebrated races, of which we had several in the last week, resembled those of Florence, though conducted with more spirit. The horses run about a mile, in the midst of a dense crowd, who excite them by shouts and gestures. You know, there are no riders, but leathern thongs are attached to a back-strap, that is secured by a crupper and a girth; and these thongs are loaded with balls of lead which contain short iron spikes, very sharp, that act as spurs, by being thrown about with

the motion of the animal. This apparatus *seems* cruel; but, after all, it can be no worse than the armed heel of the jockey, or the lash. It is true, these balls are constantly in motion; but I do not think they inflict very grave wounds.

The race itself is a puerile thing; but there is something terrific in the mode of clearing the street previously to the start. Imagine a straight, narrow street, that is literally crammed with people. A platoon of horse gendarmes appear at one end, and commence clearing the way on a trot. Presently, this trot becomes a gallop; and then these ten or twelve men, riding knee to knee, and uncommonly well, dash through the crowd as fast as their horses can carry them. The people retire before them as water recedes from the bows of a ship in a gale; and, at times, it would seem that escape was impossible. Accidents occasionally happen, but they are rare. I have regarded this as much the finest part of the exhibition.

But the most *amusing* part of the street scenes of the Carnival is the last act. As the sun sets, every one appears with a light or two.

These lights are usually tapers made for the occasion, but sometimes they are torches. Every one is privileged to extinguish his neighbour's light. Common street-masquers will clamber up on the carriage of a prince, and blow out his taper, which is immediately relighted, as if character depended on its burning. Some clamber up even to the balconies to effect their purpose, and others drop shades from them to extinguish a light. There is something extremely ludicrous in seeing a grave person carefully protecting his taper from an assailant in front, who merely amuses him while an extinguisher on a long stick advances from behind and cautiously descends on the flame. Every one laughs, and the defeated man joins the merriment and relights. This scene is called the *mocheletti*, and it is said to be a remnant of some of the Roman Saturnalia.

The calm of Lent succeeded to the fun and clamour of the Carnival. I ought to have said, however, that the people of quality terminate the festivities by meeting in *petits comités* and supping *gras*. The observances of the Lent

have not struck me as being much more rigid than elsewhere, though the religious rites have been more general, and were conducted with greater pomp than is usual, even among the Catholics. When Passion Week arrived, however, we saw we were in the centre of Christendom. Palm Sunday was a great day, all the cardinals appearing in the Sistine Chapel, bearing palms. On this occasion, an Englishman, a Mr. Weld, appeared as a cardinal; the first of his nation, I believe, since the death of Cardinal York. This gentleman was a layman, has been married, and has descendants now in this place. He is a man of fortune, and of one of the old English Catholic families.

Several popular errors exist in relation to the rules of the Romish Church. The canonical orders are precisely the same as our own, being merely those of bishop, priest, and deacon. All above and below these are merely additions, which, it is admitted, have been devised by the Church, for its own convenience, in the way of government; just as the Church of England has created archbishops, archdeacons, deans,

vicars, rectors, curates, &c. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Pope, in a religious sense, are merely bishops. It is not necessary, I believe, that a cardinal should be even in holy orders at all. Most of them are, but I understand the rule is not absolute. I do not know that Mr. Weld has ever been ordained. The functions of a cardinal are properly of a civil nature, though they are intimately connected with the government of the church. They are ecclesiastics, and cannot marry; but it is said cardinals have retired, and then married. One or two of these have been named to me.

It is usually, almost invariably the case, that the Pope is taken from the Holy College; but it is not constitutionally necessary. You or I might be elected pope; but, previously to induction or installation, we should be required to enter the Romish Church by Romish baptism, and then pass through the several orders of deacon, priest, and bishop. The Pope is bishop of Rome in a canonical sense, and, in virtue of that office, head of the Roman Catholic Church. The cardinals are classed among them-

selves as cardinal bishops, cardinal priests, and cardinal deacons; but this is not their clerical rank. Thus, Cardinal Fesch, who is archbishop of Lyons, appears in the list as only a cardinal priest. Cardinal Albani, the secretary of state, is a cardinal deacon, has no bishopric, and was once married. I presume he is not even in holy orders.

The notion that the Pope must be an Italian is false, of course, there being no constitutional restriction on the choice of the Holy College.

The ceremonies that succeeded those of Palm Sunday have been imposing and rich, and the music of the highest character. But these things have been too often told to find a place in these desultory gleanings. One thing, however, has astonished me: I mean the indecent and pertinacious pushing of strangers. There is a corps of halberdiers here, composed of Swiss. One of these men is of great strength and stature, and I saw the poor fellow in a premature purgatory, endeavouring to keep back the English women, who pressed for admittance into a room that was not ready to receive them. The

perspiration rolled from him in streams, and finally he gave up the point in despair. It is necessary to have witnessed such a scene to believe it possible.

Towards the last, we had the Benedictions. There were two of these ceremonies, on one of which the Pope blesses Rome, and on the other, the earth. The latter was very imposing. The ambassadors went in state, as well as all the high nobility; and seats were prepared around the great altar in St. Peter's. Vast as this edifice is, it was well garnished with human faces; but it will scarcely do to say it was crowded. The Pope appeared among us, borne on men's shoulders, amid waving plumes, in a chair of gold — that is to say, famously gilt.

The benediction is given from a balcony in the front of the church, and the people are in the area between the colonnades. The space is sufficient for ten times the number that collected. The colonnades, too, are occupied, and in one of them I took my station. Observing a respectable-looking black man behind me,

curious to know who he could be, I took an occasion to render an apology necessary for one of my nation, when I spoke to him in French. He answered me imperfectly; and I tried Italian, but with little better success. Of English he knew nothing; but he threw me into the shade by commencing a conversation in Latin. I was too rusty to do much at this, but I understood enough to discover that he was a Romish priest from Africa—probably connected with the Propaganda. When I told him I was an American, he looked at me with interest, and I thought he was as much astonished at my colour as I could possibly be with his. What a missionary for America!

The ceremony of the benediction, though solemn and grand, is confined to mere gestures, so far as the people beneath are concerned. The voice of the Pope cannot be heard, but his gestures were graceful and pleasing. The Catholics kneeled, but the Protestants did not; to my surprise, for the blessing of no good man is to be despised. There is too much of the "D—n my eyes! change my religion? never," of the

sailor, in us Protestants, who seem often to think there is a merit in intolerance and irreverence, provided the liberality and respect are to be paid to Catholics. He who comes voluntarily into a Catholic ceremony is bound to pay it suitable deference; and then, God is omnipresent. I never saw anything wrong in kneeling to the Host; for, while we may not believe in the real presence as to the wafer itself, we are certain that a homage to God himself can never be out of place or out of season. All men would be of the same way of thinking, had not politics become so much mixed up with religion.

If you ask for the general impressions left by these ceremonies, I answer, that these people appear to me to be the only people I know who are perfectly drilled in such things. The vastness of the edifices, the richness of the dresses, the works of art, the music, and the consciousness that one is in the heart of Christendom, serve to heighten the effect; and yet, after all, the soul of worship, it struck me, was sadly wanting. I have seen

a decent solemnity in the congregation of our own little Christ's Church at C——n, that left a deeper impression than all the laboured pageantry of St. Peter's at Rome: and you know I am not of the class that has no sympathies with another parish. Want of reverence in the manner—the hurried and undignified mode in which the Romish offices are usually performed, and the obvious fact that the audience were assembled as curious observers, rather than as those who joined in the worship, were sad drawbacks on the more sublime sentiments that properly belong to such occasions.

The celebrated Illumination greatly surpassed my expectations. The vast dome is ribbed with lights, so disposed as to delineate all the grand outlines of the architecture, as are also the façade of the church itself and the colonnades. Knowing the magnitude of these edifices, you may fancy, in a degree, the effect. The lights are rich and full, suited to the scale of the buildings; and the rapidity with which they are set in a blaze, as it were in an instant, is truly astonishing. It is not literally true that *all* the

lights appear at the same moment, for a great number of small lamps, which equally trace the lines of the architecture, are lighted while there is still day, and they appear gradually as the darkness advances, forming a very pretty spectacle of themselves. But a second set of lamps, or torches, of a different kind, blaze out at once at an appointed hour, when these fainter lamps form secondary lines to the tracery of the exhibition. No illumination that I have ever witnessed at all approaches this in magnificence; nor does any other show the same dramatic effect in lighting up. The word *instantly* is not to be taken literally either, for I dare say two or three minutes pass before the whole structure is illuminated; but this time is really so short, and the effect is so very great, that one does not stop to count moments amid the blaze of magnificence. The effect is like that of furling sails in a man-of-war. Time is taken, certainly; but so much is done in a minute, that it seems to the uninstructed as if all were done in a moment.

The fire-works of St. Angelo were also the

richest I have ever seen. There was a volcano that surpassed all my previous notions of the powers of this branch of art. But the climate of Italy greatly favours this species of exhibition.

LETTER XXVII.

Departure from Rome.—A scolding traveller, put off by a roguish innkeeper at Cività Castellana.—Pilgrims returning from Rome.—Narni.—Falls of Terni.—Spoleto.—Hermitages.—Temple of Clitumnus.—Foligno.

AFTER five delightful months passed at Rome, the moment for departure arrived. Every one waited to the end of the Holy Week, and then every one seemed impatient to fly. We delayed a few days, in order to visit Tivoli, and a few other places that had been neglected; and then we reluctantly drove through the Porta del Popolo, with the rest of them. Our own carriage, drawn by four active white horses, and a carriage of the vetturini, drawn by four sturdy brown ones, made the cortège. I took the vetturino carriage on account of its conveniences;

for it was roomy, and rendered a *fourgon* unnecessary.

The first stage was altogether on the Campagna, and it brought us to an insignificant village where we breakfasted. The road was lined with carriages, but some knowledge of horse-flesh had given us cattle that passed everything but the post-horses. Now, you are to know that the throngs on the highway, just at this moment, are so great as to render it a matter of some importance who reaches the end of a stage first. At the house where we breakfasted was an English post-chariot, drawn by three horses, and containing three people besides servants; the master wearing a particularly expressive countenance, that induced my children to name him the *Grognon*. He scolded a little about his breakfast, which was certainly anything but excellent, and preceded us on the road. The man appeared to have screwed himself up to a week of grumbling.

The country for the rest of the day was volcanic, and, although it was still a plain, it was more cultivated and habitable than the Cam-

pagna had been. Soracte appeared on our right, and we were gradually working our way into its rear. The stopping-place for the night was Cività Castellana. This town, like Sorrento, has a natural ditch formed by the crevices of the volcanic rock. When we entered its principal square, I thought all the vetturini carriages in Italy had got there before us. My man, however, drove boldly up to the best inn, where only a carriage or two were visible, and, winking, he told me to be prompt.

I sought the landlord, whom I found in hot discourse with the *Grognon*, concerning certain rooms, the best he had. These rooms, he swore volubly, were already bespoke by a gentleman who had sent a courier from Rome for that express purpose. This much I overheard as I approached, and thought it augured ill. In the mean time, the rogue looked out of the window, and perceiving that, including postilions and servants, we were a party of eleven, with eight horses, he drew in his head, and exclaimed, "Ah! this is the very gentleman. Here, Signore, this is the apartment that you can have.

I am very sorry for this other Signore, but he must be satisfied with those rooms opposite. You know *you* have bespoken these."

Though ready to laugh in the fellow's face, I did not deem it necessary to enter into explanations with the Englishman, but, asking pointedly of the innkeeper, if I could have these rooms, and receiving a satisfactory answer, I took possession of them with a determination not to be easily ejected. The *Grognon*, who now began to merit his title, was obliged to succumb, though I believe he suspected the truth. I went on the principle of doing as I *should have been* done by.

Every one was off with the dawn, the carriages streaming out of the gate of Cività Castellana in a line like that of the baggage of a regiment. We took the lead, and soon had the road to ourselves. A bridge carried us over the Tiber, and we began to ascend the Apennines. We breakfasted on their side at a hamlet, and, leaving the horses to bait, I walked ahead. It was a solitary wild mountain road, though perfectly good; and I soon fell in company with a party

of pilgrims on their return from Rome. These men carried the staves and scrips, and wore a species of light cloak, with the capes covered with scallops. They were conversable, and anything but solemn or way-worn. They had been employed in some of the recent ceremonies of the Church.

When the carriages came up, we had a wild picturesque country, especially about Narni, where were also some Roman remains. Here we descended into a beautiful valley; and in the bottom are the remains of a fine bridge of the time of Augustus. Passing through vineyards, olive-trees and fruit-trees, we reached the little city of Terni, a place of six or seven thousand souls, and which is prettily placed on the river Nera, in the centre of a very fertile region. This is the country of Tacitus.

Although still early, we drove to an inn, and secured good lodgings; after which we proceeded to the falls. The latter lie more than a league from the town, as we found to our cost, for we made the mistake of undertaking to walk to them. We luckily got a few asses on the road;

though W—— and myself walked the entire distance there and back.

These celebrated falls are artificial, having been made by the Romans some centuries before Christ, by turning the course of a pretty little stream. They are reputed the finest waterfalls in Europe; a quarter of the world that, while it has many cascades, has few fine cataracts. These of Terni are between the two, being insignificant for the last, and large for the first. Those of our party who have seen the Falls of Trenton think them much finer than these of Terni; but I have never seen the first myself. There is a "method in the madness" of these falls that I think slightly impairs their beauty, though very beautiful they are. The thing at Tivoli will not compare with them; but I am told the falls of Tivoli have been much injured by some public works. This, you know, is the case with the Choes.

Between Terni and Spoleto, next day, we had another reach of mountains, and of mountain scenery. There are Roman remains at the latter place, which is prettily placed on a rocky

and irregular hill that is thought to be an extinct crater. An aqueduct, that is called Roman, has arches of the Gothic school, and is probably a work of the middle ages. There is also a high bridge across a valley, that communicates with a hermitage; a proof of what religious feeling can effect even when ill directed. There is a poetry, notwithstanding, about these hermitages that makes them pleasing objects to the traveller. I may have seen, first and last, a hundred of them in Europe, though many are now untenanted: these of Italy are generally the finest.

At Spoleto there was another rush of coaches, and the *Grognon*, looking war and famine, made his appearance at the same inn as ourselves. The scuffling for breakfast and rooms was sufficiently disagreeable, though, preceding all the others, we escaped the *mêlée*.

The valley beyond Spoleto was very beautiful. On one side there is a *côte*, as the French term it, and houses and churches were clinging to its side, almost buried in fruit-trees. While trotting along pleasantly, beneath this teeming

hill-side, we came up to a small brick edifice that stood near the highway, and between it and the meadows, which had spread themselves on our left, more like a country north, than one south of the Alps. This little building was about the size of the small temples of the Campagna so often mentioned, and, like them, it is, beyond question, of Roman origin. It is called the Temple of Clitumnus, from the circumstance of its standing at the sources of that classical stream; but is now a Christian chapel. You would be surprised to find these temples so small, for this makes the twentieth I have seen, all of which are still standing, that has not been much larger than a large corn-crib. The workmanship of this is neat but plain; though it is probable that its marbles have shared the fate of those of so many amphitheatres, theatres, forums, and temples that are found all over Italy. It is with these ruins as with our departed friends: we never truly prize them until they are irretrievably lost.

We reached Foligno in good season, and, by a little manœuvring, managed to get nearly

the whole of a retired but very respectable inn to ourselves. As we intended to diverge from the beaten path at this point, we now flattered ourselves with being so far out of the current, that we should no longer be compelled to scuffle for our food, or to wrangle for a room or a bed.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Col Fiorito of the Apennines.—A race for a good breakfast. —Tolentino. — Macerata. — Reconati. — Loretto: The *Santa Casa*, or Shrine.—Infirmary: Designs by Raphael.—Ancona.—Sinigaglia. — Castle at La Catolica. — Scenery near the Adriatic. —Rimini.—Procession for rain.—San Marino.—The Rubicon. —Cesena.—Forli.—Napoleon and his roads.—Faenza.—Imola. —Country from Ancona to Bologna.

THE day was just dawning as we drove through the gate of Foligno. Until now we had merely skirmished with the outposts of the Apennines; but here we were compelled to cross the great ridges, as had been done in the year 1828, between Bologna and Florence. All eyes looked curiously ahead, as, having passed some distance into a gorge by the side of a stream, we began to ascend a winding road where the nakedness of the hills permitted us to see a mile or two in advance; for everybody was anxious to know whether any of the great flight were likely to take the same

direction as ourselves. Nothing was seen, and we went our way rejoicing.

This passage of the Apennines is called the Col Fiorito, and although the road is good and the mountains are not Alpine, the ascent is long and sharp. We alighted and walked two or three miles before we gained the summit of the pass. Before we reached the top, however, I gave a look behind us, and was half amused and more vexed at seeing the eternal yellow chariot and three horses of the *Grognon* toiling its way up after us, perhaps a league in our rear! It appeared as if the man had come this way expressly to bring matters *à l'outrance.*

This sight quickened our movements, for it was understood that breakfast, which everybody was in a good humour to enjoy, must be had in a poor mountain hamlet, or delayed until afternoon. Luckily, when we took this alarm, we had little more climbing to do, and our road was nearly all descent to the village; whereas our pursuers would be obliged still to walk an hour before they could break into a trot. This

made the betting in our favour, "Lombard-street to a china orange."

In an hour we were at the inn door. A boy was put on a horse and despatched for milk, for you may have wine in Italy when you cannot get milk. Lucie was sent into the kitchen with a biggin, (not the cup, but the coffee-pot,) and in twenty minutes everybody was at table, and, literally, every eatable in the house, bread excepted, was devoured. I had been informed that two roasted fowls might be had at a sort of eating-house in the village, and these were also secured, and eaten, by way of precaution against a rescue.

Breakfast over, we left the inn and were about to walk ahead of the carriages, as the chariot and three came rolling down the declivity into the village. Seeing us apparently in possession, the *Grognon* thrust out his head, gave a growl and an order, and the equipage moved proudly on, as if it disdained stopping. We followed, telling the servants they would find us on the road below. To our surprise, at the bottom of the hamlet we met the *Grognon* and

his party on foot, walking sulkily back towards the inn, with the manner of people humbled by misfortune, and yet not totally above indignation. The last house was the eating-house in question, and stopping to inquire, we discovered that he had heard of the two roasted fowls, in Foligno probably, and finding us at the inn, had pushed on to seize these devoted birds, which, alas! were already eaten. Necessity has no law, and this gallant man was compelled to subdue his stomach, lest his stomach should subdue him. We sympathized with his situation, precisely as the well-fed and contented are apt to sympathize with the unlucky and hungry; or, in other words, we determined that, in an extremity, one might breakfast even on bread. W—— affirmed that the man was rightly served; — "Let him take a fourth horse, instead of compelling three to drag that heavy chariot up these mountains, if he wish to eat chickens."

The road was beautiful the remainder of the day. It had at first a sort of camera-lucida wildness about it; a boldness that was quite

pleasing, though in miniature, after the grandeur of the Alps; and as the day drew towards a close, we rolled, by a gradual and almost imperceptible descent, into a lovely region, affluent in towns, villas, hamlets, and all the other appliances of civilized life. This was in the March of Ancona, and our day's work terminated at Tolentino, a place celebrated for one of Napoleon's early negotiations.

Tolentino stands on an insulated hill, in the midst of a beautiful but broken country, and it struck us as a place more important as lying near this pass, than from any other cause. The Serra valle, a gorge in the road above, has a reputation, but it is not of Swiss frightfulness. Earlier in the spring and in winter, however, the passage of the Col Fiorito is a matter of more gravity. Starvation was the only danger on this occasion. We watched impatiently the arrival of the *Grognon*, but he disdained entering within the walls of Tolentino that night.

The fine country continued next day, the road being principally a descent until we rose another eminence, and stopped at Macerata.

This was once the capital of the March, and the Adriatic became visible from the inn, a silvery belt in the horizon, distant some eight or ten leagues. All the towns in this district appear to be built on isolated hills, that once admitted of being strongly fortified. As other hills are all around them, however, the circumstance is of little use as against modern warfare. Of these towns, we passed two after breakfast, one of which, Reconati, stands on a ridge, the ascent to and descent from which were like *Montagnes Russes.*

About three in the afternoon we came to the foot of another ridge, that runs at right angles to the coast of the Adriatic, from which it might be distant a league. The ascent was longer and easier than that of Reconati; and having overcome it, we found ourselves in a village of a single long street, that was terminated by a pretty good square and a large church, with other ecclesiastical edifices, of pretty good architecture, and which were tolerably spacious even for the States of the Church. These were the village and the celebrated shrine of Loretto,

a spot that formerly filled a place in the Christian world second only to Jerusalem.

The books say Loretto contains five thousand souls: my eyes would reduce this number one half, but it may be true nevertheless. It is simply, not to say meanly, built, the ecclesiastical edifices excepted; and, as at Einsiedeln, in Schwytz, most of the small houses are either inns, or shops for the sale of rosaries and other similar accessories of Catholic worship. We took rooms — no *Grognon* near — ordered dinner, and went forth to see sights.

The church of Loretto is of better architecture than that of Einsiedeln, but scarcely so large. Its riches and construction are Italian, which it would be hardly fair to the latter to put in competition with those of the Cantons. It stands at the head of the square, and on its left stretches a large pile, which I believe is the palace of a bishop, and a library; and partly facing the church are other buildings connected with the establishment, for many ecclesiastics are kept here to do the service of the shrine. There are many chapels within the church,

and some of them are curious by their associations.

The *Santa Casa* itself, or the shrine, as you most probably know, is affirmed to be the house of Joseph. It stands near the centre of the church, which has been erected around it, of course, as an honourable canopy. The house is also cased externally with Carrara marble, wrought beautifully, after designs of Bramante. It is ornamented with sculpture, that represents scenes from the history of the Mother of Christ. The original wall, which is exposed in the interior, where little is concealed, is of brick, pieces of stone being intermixed, as was much practised formerly in Europe, whatever may have been the case in Palestine. It is fair to presume it was a general usage. The image of the Virgin, which is separated from those within the house by a grating, is said to be made of the cedar of Lebanon, and it wears a triple crown. It is gorgeously attired, bears a figure of the Child in one arm, and has the bronzed, mysterious countenance that it is common to

find about all the more renowned altars of Mary. There is a small fireplace and a solitary window. By the latter the angel is said to have entered at the Annunciation. The dimensions of the house of Joseph are about thirty feet long, fourteen wide, and near twenty high. If there ever was an upper room, no traces of it remain.

The history of this shrine, as it is given in a little book sold on the spot, is virtually as follows:—The house, of course, was originally built in Nazareth, where Jesus was reared. In 1291, angels raised it from its foundations and transported it to Dalmatia. Here it remained between four and five years, when it was transferred to Italy by the same means. It was first placed in a wood near Reconati, on the land of a lady named Laureta; whence the present name of Loretto. The road to it being much infested by robbers, the angels again removed it a short distance, leaving it on the property of two brothers. These brothers quarrelled and fought about the profits of the pilgrims, who

began to frequent the shrine in throngs, and both were killed; whereupon the house was finally removed to its present site.

Various physical proofs are alleged in support of this history. The house in Nazareth is said to have disappeared, and the foundation to have remained. This foundation and the house, it is affirmed, correspond as to fractures, materials, and dimensions; and, I believe, some geological proof is also adduced, in connexion with the materials.

What is one to think of such a history? Do they who promulgate it believe it themselves; or is it a mere fiction invented to deceive?—*Can* it be true? Certainly it might, as well as that this earth could be created, and continue to roll on in its orbit.—*Is* it true? That is certainly a great deal more than I shall presume to affirm, or even to believe, accompanied with circumstances of so little dignity, and facts so little worthy of such a display of Divine power. —Do the people themselves, they who frequent the shrine, believe it? Of that I should think there is little doubt, as respects the great ma-

jority.—I cannot express to you the feelings with which I saw my fellow-creatures kneeling at this shrine, and manifesting every sign of a devout reliance on the truth of this extraordinary legend. One woman, a well-dressed and respectable female to all appearances, was buried in the recess of the fireplace, where she remained kneeling, nearly an hour, without motion!

Loretto is no longer much frequented by pilgrims from a distance. Formerly, the treasury had the reputation of being immensely rich, and a garrison was maintained in the place to guard it. There are, even now, the remains of military defences around the church, which stands at a point where the rock falls away rapidly towards the Adriatic. It has been said, the popes availed themselves of these riches at different times; and it is pretty certain most of them have disappeared since the period of the French invasion. The French bear the opprobrium of having despoiled the shrine; but it is quite as probable that they were anticipated; for who that knew their career in Upper Italy would have

waited, on such an occasion, until the enemy was at the gate? Little remains; though we saw some things of price in the treasury, several of which were quite recent gifts from royal personages.

There is an infirmary for the pilgrims annexed to the establishment, and I went into it to see some designs of Raphael's that were painted on the jars and other vessels which held the medicines. They are extraordinary things in their way, and prove that the divinity of the school of Raphael is not the divinity of an anchorite. These gallipots, and the house near the *Porta del Popolo* at Rome, exhibit the author of the Transfiguration, very much as Ovid betrays his taste in the Metamorphoses, and Juvenal his in his Satires.

We passed the night at Loretto, where we purchased sundry rosaries made of shells from the adjoining coast, candles, *agnus dei*, and other memorials of the place, all of which were properly authenticated by a certificate.

I cannot discover how far the Church of Rome at this day attaches importance to belief in the

history of the Santa Casa. It is not now, and probably never was, a matter essential to communion with the Catholic Church, though it certainly did receive support from the head of the Church at one time. So far as I can discover, intelligent Catholics, especially those out of Italy, wish to overlook this shrine, which, they say, may be believed in, or not, as one credits or discredits any other legend of ancient date. Its history is not sacred, and it is not obligatory to put faith in it. Certainly, I should say, that the more enlightened Catholics, even here, regard the whole account with distrust: for he who really believed that God had made such a manifestation of his will, would scarcely hesitate about worshiping at the shrine, if he worshiped at all, since the building would not have been transferred by a miracle without a motive. It is fair, then, to suppose that few among the intelligent now put any faith in the tradition; for it is certain few of that class continue to make pilgrimages to the spot. The time will probably come when shrine and legend will be abandoned together.

The next day's work was short, carrying us only to Ancona. The road was through a pleasing country, and some of the views, especially towards the mountains, were exceedingly beautiful. The eastern faces of the Apennines, like the southern faces of the Alps, appear to be more precipitous than those of the reverse side. The summit of the range was now white with snow, while the entire foreground offered an exquisite picture of verdure and sunny fertility, imparting to the view, notwithstanding the principal elements were the same, peculiarities that were not often observable among the Swiss peaks. There was a warmth in the tints—a softness that, though it left the brilliancy, destroyed the chill of the summits,—and, all together, a gentleness of atmosphere and a calm about this landscape, that I do not remember to have ever witnessed in Switzerland, except on the Italian side of the mountains.

Ancona is only some sixteen or eighteen miles from Loretto. We got in, therefore, early, and had an opportunity to examine the place. The port is formed, in part, by the

bluff against the side of which the town is principally built, aided by a mole of considerable extent. A part of this mole is very ancient, for there is an arch on it, which was raised in honour of Trajan, though it is vulgarly called the Arch of Augustus. Another arch, farther advanced, shows that the popes have greatly added to the work. The harbour is pretty and safe, but it appears to want water. Here we first stood on the shores of the Adriatic. The colour of this sea is less beautiful than that of the Mediterranean; its waters having a stronger resemblance to those of our own coast than to those of the neighbouring sea.

The view was fine from the promontory above the town; but I looked in vain for the opposite coast of Dalmatia. There is a cathedral on this height, and in it a picture of great merit by Guercino, an artist little appreciated by those who have not visited the States of the Church. This town is pretty well fortified, and seems intended for a military post of some importance.

On leaving Ancona next morning, we com-

menced a journey of some twenty or thirty leagues, nearly every part of which was within a mile or two of the Adriatic, and much of it so near as to give us constant views of that sea. The first stage was to Sinigaglia, a pretty little town with a sort of a port; for all the places along the shore have some pretension to be considered sea-ports, although the coast is a low sandy beach, almost without points, or bays, or headlands: a small creek has usually sufficed to commence a harbour, and by means of excavations, and perhaps of a small mole at the outlet, to prevent the accumulation of sands by the south winds, the thing has usually been effected. Some of the connexions of the family of Bonaparte reside in or near Sinigaglia, which has many good houses in its vicinity.

We passed the night at Fano, a town of several thousand souls, in which there are some respectable Roman remains, though of the later periods of the empire. The next morning we went to La Catolica, a small and insignificant place, to breakfast; passing Pesaro, a place of more importance, without stopping.

We saw the remains of a considerable castle near La Catolica, which had once belonged to the Dukes of Urbino, and is even now, I believe, kept up as a sort of fortress of the pope's. It was rather a striking structure of the sort for Italy; this country not being at all remarkable for buildings of this nature. One reads of moated castles among the Apennines in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels; but I have not yet seen an edifice in all Italy that would at all justify her descriptions. Such things may be, but none of them have lain in my path. With the exception of the Castel Guelfo, near Modena, and the regular forts and citadels, I do not remember to have seen a moated building in the whole country. Some of the castles on the heights are gloriously picturesque, it is true, of which that of Ischia is a striking example; but, on the whole, I should say few parts of Europe have so little embellishment in this way as Italy. The Romans do not appear to have built in the castellated form at all, it being a fashion of the middle ages; and during the latter period, most of the fastnesses of this part

of the world were made out of the ruins of Roman works. At all events, after passing near two years in Italy, and traversing it from Nice to Naples, and from Naples to this point, I have not seen the castles of the romances at all.

The English novels in general, more particularly those written a few years since, give very false notions of the state of the Continental society; as, indeed, do those of the Continent give false notions of that of the English. Nothing, for instance, can be more outrageously absurd than Richardson's story of Clementina, in Sir Charles Grandison, which betrays an entire ignorance of Italian usages. But Richardson evidently knew very little of the better classes of his own country; for though lords and ladies in his time may have worn wigs and hoops, they were not the arrant coxcombs and formalists he has made them.

This morning, walking ahead of the carriages, we amused ourselves for several hours on the beach. I felt what wanderers we had truly become, when I beheld the children I had seen gathering shells on the coast of America, on the

shores of the Mediterranean, and those of the North Sea, now amusing themselves in the same way on the beach of the Adriatic. We quitted the duchy of Urbino and entered the Romagna, as it is called, near La Catolica.

The scenery improved as we advanced, the mountains drawing nearer to the coast, and the foreground becoming undulating and verdant. We had the sea always on our left, and seized every good occasion to stroll on its beach. Our day's works were easy, the towns lying at convenient distances asunder, and, what rendered this part of the journey more pleasant, not a travelling vehicle of any sort was met on the road: even the *Grognon* had vanished, a defeated man.

The second night from Ancona we slept at Rimini. At this town the Emilian and Flaminian Ways joined each other; for we had followed, most of the distance from Rome, the great route of the ancients between the capital of the world and Cis-Alpine Gaul. Here is still a triumphal arch in honour of Augustus, and a bridge as old, or nearly as old, as his age.

They show a tribune, also, from which it is said Cæsar harangued the people the morning after he had passed the Rubicon! There was, at least, something manly in the audacity of this tradition.

At Rimini we witnessed a ceremony that a two years' residence in Italy had never before given us an opportunity of seeing. There had been a long drought; and a procession, in which hundreds of the peasants from the adjoining country appeared, was made to implore rain at different shrines. A Madonna of repute was borne in front, and great devoutness and faith were manifested by those who followed. There is probably no essential difference between these prayers and those of our own Church for a similar favour; though the formalities observed on this occasion were singularly addressed to the senses. I was amused by observing that the clouds looked dark and menacing over the Apennines, and that these ceremonies were commenced under good omens. And yet it did not rain! I do not know, after all, that we are to consider these ceremonies as

possessing more virtue in the eyes of the Catholics than our Church prayers possess in our own: it is but another form of petition.

Not far from Rimini is a high mountain that stands insulated from the great range of the Apennines. It is irregular in form, and a small town is seen near its summit, while, all together, it appears rather more cultivated and peopled than is common for the hills. This is San Marino, the oldest republic of Christendom. It had been my intention to visit the place, but indisposition prevented me. The territory includes the mountain and a small hilly district at its base, with a population of about five thousand souls. I was told at Rome by one who had ruled the Romagna, that this little community betrayed a good deal of jealousy of its independence, and that its government was believed to be very justly administered. Of course, such a State exists only by sufferance: the pope can, at any moment, imprison the whole community, by forbidding them to trespass on his States. At this point the Grand Duchy of Tuscany extends to the summits of

the Apennines, coming within a very few leagues of the Adriatic.

It is a matter of dispute where the Rubicon really is. The inhabitants of Rimini say it is the Marecochia, the small river that is spanned by the ancient bridge I have mentioned; while those of Savignano claim the honour for the Pisatello, a still smaller stream that runs near their place. I believe the prevalent opinion is in favour of the latter; and there is certainly a monument near the road to say as much. The first, notwithstanding, is the most plausible-*looking* stream for a boundary, as it runs nearly in a direct line across the narrow neck of land that lies between the mountains and the sea. These things are often arbitrary; but, were any one to reason coolly on probabilities, I think he would select the Marcochia for the Rubicon. As the great roads commenced and terminated at this point, it renders it still more likely that this was the Rubicon. Emilius or Flaminius would be more likely to commence such works at a frontier, than at a few miles distant. *Au*

reste, I am too ignorant of the learned part of the question to give an opinion.

The stream that commonly passes for the Rubicon (the Pisatello) is a mere rivulet that certainly offered to Cæsar no other obstacle than that of the prohibition, as it might be forded with dry knees. We breakfasted, the day we left Rimini, at Cesena. This is the country of the Malatesta family; and the place contains some works of the middle ages, that are still in tolerable condition. We had now diverged from the sea, and were fairly on the great plain of Lombardy, though still in the Romagna. The road ran nearly parallel with the mountains, which here quitted the Adriatic to cross to the other sea, leaving the whole of the wide country between their bases and those of the Alps, in the vast plain of which I have already spoken. We slept at Forli, a town of some size, and which we found neat and convenient. At all these places we amused ourselves with looking at pictures, cathedrals, and ruins; but none are of sufficient note to call for an especial

mention of them. Our stages were short, and the road from Ancona to Bologna was almost without hills. Forli was the Forum Livii of the ancients, and, of course, was on the Emilian Way, which pursued nearly, if not precisely, the route of the modern road. All these great highways are kept in excellent repair; and it is not easy to find any country in Europe that has better post-routes than Italy. Indeed, most of Europe is well off in this particular; France, perhaps, ranking among the least favoured countries in this respect, notwithstanding all the praises that have been lavished on Napoleon because he caused an inlet to be made, here and there, into his conquered provinces. It is true, Italy owes the Emperor much in this respect; but the motive is too apparent to render his benefactions fit themes for eulogium. A man who left the roads between his own capital and its nearest towns in a condition to break half the carriage-wheels that pass over them, is to be distrusted when he constructs a garden-path across the Alps. This conduct reminds one of those zealots who are for con-

verting the heathen, and who neglect their own neighbourhoods. In the one case, it is the love of excitement and a morbid zeal; while in the other, however, it was a cool and selfish calculation.

We passed Faenza next day without stopping, having become wearied with seeing towns of ten and twenty thousand souls. This place is known for its pottery wares; whence the French word *faïence.* At Imola we breakfasted. This was another of the Forums (that of Cornelius); and the town is said to lie on the verge of the plain of Lombardy, though in truth this plain ought to commence at Rimini, if not at Ancona. Here the poplars began to show themselves; though this tree is much more abundant in France than in the country from which it has derived its American name. Indeed, I am not sure one did not see more poplars in America twenty years ago than are now seen here; though everybody seems as anxious to be rid of the tree to-day, as our fathers were to procure them. It is said at home, that the dead naked tops which are so common in the poplar,

are owing to there not being a sufficient intermingling of the sexes; but the same peculiarities are observed in Europe.—From Imola we drove to Bologna, which we reached in good season.

The distance between Ancona and Bologna is one hundred and thirty-five miles, which we had passed in four easy days' work, with scarcely a hillock on the whole road, with the exception of a little broken ground between Sinigaglia and Pesaro. Most of the country was beautiful; and the Apennines the whole time relieved the monotony of a plain. In its way, it has proved to be one of the pleasantest journeys we have yet made in all Europe.

LETTER XXIX.

Ferrara.—The Prison of Tasso.—The Flying Bridge over the Po. — Austrian Custom-house: unnecessary trouble given there.— Venetian women. — Padua.—The style of Palladio. — A Miracle. — Infidelity in mask. — Road to Mestre, and Villas on the Brenta. — Distant view of Venice. — The Lagoons. — Origin of Venice. — Aquatic Post-house. — Approach to Venice.—Canals. — The Rialto.

Our stay at Bologna was short, for we were fearful of being too late in the season for Venice. The first day's work was to Ferrara, which place we reached early, having left Bologna with the appearance of the sun. The country was low, and had in places a *reedy* look, bordering on the low marshy lands that environ Ravenna. The whole of the eastern margin of the plain of Lombardy is of this character, the descent from the base of the mountains being constant, as is proved by the rivers, though so gradual as to be imperceptible.

Ferrara has the most deserted air of any considerable town I remember to have seen. It lies on a dead flat, in a grassy, not to say *reedy*, region also. In the centre of the place is a massive gloomy castle surrounded by a ditch, in which the Dukes of the family of Este once dwelt; but we could not enter it. We did visit a cell that has the reputation of having been the prison of Tasso, where we found the name of Byron written on the walls. Such a homage as this may be tolerated; but one dislikes the cockneyisms of writing names on walls. Being no poet, I did not presume to leave mine in the crowd.

The streets of Ferrara are straight and wide; circumstances that render its desolation more apparent. The grass literally grew in them, and I can best compare the town with the position of Schenectady, which lies off the canal; though allowance must be made for the ancient magnificence of this place. We saw many curious books and manuscripts here, and many memorials of Tasso and Ariosto. A small stream runs through the town; but the whole country,

like Holland, while there is no sea visible, appears to be nearly "a wash." It is said to be unhealthy in the aütumn, and one can readily believe it.

We were now touching once more on the Austrian dominions. Although Ferrara belongs to the Church, it has an Austrian garrison, for the place is fortified. We reached the Po a short distance from the gates of the town, next morning, and crossed on what is called a flying bridge, or a *ponte volante*. These bridges are common enough in Europe; though, properly speaking, they are ferries. They consist of a large floating stage, or a boat, that can receive several carriages. This is anchored by a long hawser to some ground-fastening, one or two hundred fathoms up-stream; the length of the hawser being, of course, proportioned to the width of the river. To keep the rope above water, it is sustained by more or less small boats, which sheer with the motion of the ferry-boat, or stage. All that is necessary is to let the current take the bows of the latter obliquely, when it sheers across the river, as a

matter of course. We crossed, with our two carriages and eight horses, in a very few minutes, and without getting out of our seats.

On the Austrian bank is a custom-house; but we were not detained longer than was necessary to examine the passport. Notwithstanding all that is said against this government, it certainly is not obnoxious to the charge of giving unnecessary trouble, except in cases that have probably excited its suspicion. Despotic governments, moreover, have a power to do polite and kind acts that free governments do not possess. In a government of equal rights, the administration of the laws must be equal, although a thousand cases occur in which this rule works injuriously to those who, it is known, might with safety be exempted from the operation of the rule; but in a government like this, instructions emanating from the power that frames the laws may temper their administration. It is true, this faculty leads often to gross abuses; but, in an age like this, it oftener leads to an exemption from onerous, and, in the particular cases named,

useless regulations. It is on this principle that men of known character and pursuits obtain passports that entitle them to proceed without the delays and trouble of the custom-house examinations.

You are not to understand, however, that I had any such privilege; what I have told you of the *bonhomie* of the authorities in reference to my own baggage, is to be taken as general, and in no manner as particular towards an individual. You well know that I am no advocate for any government but that which is founded on popular rights, protected from popular abuses; but I am thoroughly convinced that the every-day strictures on these points that are made by a large portion of our travellers, are conceived in ignorance and prejudice, and are just as worthless as are the common strictures of Europeans on our own institutions. The disposition in every government is to do justice in all ordinary cases, and we are no more peculiar in this wish than the Emperors of Austria and of Russia. The faults of these systems lie much deeper than the surface.

We found Rovigo, where we breakfasted, much smaller certainly, and every way less important than, but with the same air of desertion as, Ferrara. In front of us, after quitting Rovigo, appeared an island of hills in the midst of the plain, and our route lay towards it. At their foot was Monselice, where we passed another night. These hills form an oasis of mountain in the desert of monotony around them. A party of Venetians were at the inn, and the women had brilliant complexions and fair hair; one had hair that was nearly red;—this was a proof that we were drawing near the scene of Titian's works. The Signora Guiccioli, so well known to the admirers of Byron, is of the same style of beauty. It is odd that Raphael, and indeed most of the Italian masters, painted their females as *blondes*, when the prevalent style of the beauty of the women is that of brunettes. Of the eight Americans of our party, I am the only one that has not light hair and a fair complexion; a circumstance that has excited much surprisë in this part of the world, where we are deemed to be, *ex officio*, black.

From Monselice we made one stage to Padua, a place that we entered with a good deal of interest. It is a large and, for Europe, a straggling town. As this was the country of Palladio, we here met his architecture. I cannot say I like it so much as I had anticipated. It has more pretension than beauty or simplicity; though it strikes me there is an effort at both. Still, this style is not without the noble. Boston is the only place I know of in America that has anything resembling it in general outline; though Boston has nothing, within my knowledge, that can be truly termed Palladian.

The great hall of Padua pleased us extremely. It is near three hundred feet long, and near one hundred feet wide, though not very lofty. It is the largest room I have seen, with the exception of the galleries. The style is a mixed Gothic, the roof being of open rafters, and the effect is quaint and striking. I prefer it, on the whole, to Westminster-hall; though it is scarcely so noble.

A miracle had just been performed in one of the churches of Padua, a Madonna giving some

signs of animation. I went to see it, but found that the visit was ill-timed; the image remaining as immovable as any other image, during the presence of a heretic. I believe these things are much less frequent than formerly, the French occupation not only destroying most of the marvels of religion, but, in a great measure, religion itself. It is a grand commentary on human wisdom and on human consistency, that one may now see a king and his courtiers carrying candles in those streets where rulers appeared in their shirt-sleeves attending a trull in the assumed character of the Goddess of Reason! Infidelity no longer comes to us naked; but it wears a mask of philosophy and logic, in the pretended character of a *mitigated Christianity*. The citadel that cannot be stormed, must be sapped.

We took the road to Mestre on quitting Padua. I cannot say that the villas on the Brenta, or the canal, at all equalled my expectation. The houses themselves were well enough; but the monotony of a country as level as Holland, and the landscape gardening

that is confined to flowers and allées and exotics, compare ill with the broader beauties of the Hudson, or the finish of the lawns on the Thames. The road and river showed signs of a crowded population, and we were amused in that way, but were scarcely in raptures with a sylvan scene. A part of our road, however, was athwart a sort of common. At this point, looking across the bay on our right, a town appeared rising above the water, singularly resembling the view of New York as seen from the low lands near Powles Hook. The presence of domes and the absence of ships marked the difference between the places; but the likeness was sufficiently strong to strike us all at the same moment. I need scarcely add, that the town was Venice, and that the water was the Lagoons.

The carriage was housed at Mestre, and the luggage was put into a large gondola. We took our places in the same boat, and in less than ten minutes after reaching the shore, we were all afloat. There was a short river, or creek, to descend,—I know not which it is,—and

then we fairly entered the bay. The Lagoon is formed by the deposit of several streams, and the action of the waves of the Adriatic, which have piled long low banks of sand across the broad mouth of a bay, where they have been gradually accumulating from time immemorial. A number of islands formed within this chain of banks, and channels necessarily made their own way for the passage of the waters of the rivers. On these islands the fishermen erected their huts. From this beginning, by the aid of piles, quays, and the accumulations of a seaport, Venice grew to be the Queen of the Adriatic, literally seated in the mud.

We stopped a moment at a small island, about half-way across the Lagoon, to have our passports examined, but met with no delay. The place was barely large enough to hold a building or two, though the effect of this aquatic post-house was odd. Not far from this, the boat passed a line of posts with painted tops, that encircles the whole town, perhaps a mile and a half from the islands. The posts stand a few hundred feet asunder. These are

to mark the limits of the place, Venice having just been declared a free port. Of course, the gondola that is caught with unentered goods within these posts would be seized.

After a pull of an hour or more, the boat entered a broad canal that was lined by palaces and noble houses. Passing through this, which proved to be short, it came out in another passage, that seemed to be a main artery of the town, smaller lateral canals communicating with it at short distances. Across the latter we could see, among the dark ravines of houses, numberless bridges trodden constantly by foot-passengers; but across the larger channel, which was the grand canal, there was only one. This was of stone, and it was covered with low buildings. Of course, its length was much greater than that of the others; and its single arch was high and pointed, though not strictly Gothic. As we glided beneath it, vessels that might contend with the Adriatic appeared beyond, the water gradually widening. The bridge was the Rialto; the water, the continuation of the canal, and the com-

mencement of the Giudecca, which is, in fact, the port.

A gondola was lying on its oars as we approached the grand canal, recognising a boat from Mestre; and as we came up to it, Mr. C——, of Carolina, who had preceded us a day or two, jumped on board, having taken lodgings in expectation of our arrival. Under his guidance we stopped at some stone steps, and disembarked at the *Leone Bianco.*

LETTER XXX.

Arrival at Venice. — An hour's walk by moonlight. — The streets of Venice. — The Great Square of St. Mark. — The Piazzetta. — Palace of the Doges. — The Campanile. — The Bridge of Sighs. — The Port. — Travellers' book at the Leone Bianco.

It appeared as if we were in the centre of a civilization entirely novel. On entering the inn, we found ourselves in a large paved hall, but a step or two above the water, in the corner of which lay a gondola. Ascending a flight of steps, we were received in a suite of good apartments, and I ran to a window. Boats were gliding about in all directions, but no noise was heard beyond the plash of the oar; not a wheel nor a hoof rattling on a pavement. Even the fall of a rope in the water might be heard at a considerable distance. Everything was strange; for, though a sailor and accustomed

to aquatic scenes, I have never before seen a city afloat.

It was necessary to eat, and I restrained my impatience until after dinner. By this time it was evening; but a fine moon was shedding its light on the scene, rendering it fairy-like. C—— and myself quitted the inn, for he told me he had something that he was desirous I should see before I slept. Instead of taking a boat, we passed into the rear of the inn, and found ourselves in a street. I had heard of the canals, but, until then, believed that Venice had no streets. On the contrary, the whole town is intersected in this way; the bridges of the smaller canals serving as communications between these streets, which, however, are usually only eight or ten feet wide. That we took was lined with shops, and it seemed a great thoroughfare. Its width varied from ten to twenty feet.

Following this passage, in itself a novelty, we inclined a little to the right, passed beneath an arch, and issued into the great Square of St. Mark. No other scene in a town ever struck

me with so much surprise and pleasure. Three sides of this large area were surrounded by palaces, with arcades; and on the fourth stood a low ancient church, of an architecture so quaint, having oriental domes, and external ornaments so peculiar, that I felt as if transported to a scene in the Arabian Nights. The moon, with its mild delusive light, too, aided the deception; the forms rising beneath it still more fanciful and quaint. You will know at once, this was the church of St. Mark.

Another area communicated with the first, extending from it, at right angles, to the bay. Two sides only of this square, which is called the Piazzetta, were built on; the side next the Piazza, or Great Square, and that next the sea, being open. On one of the other sides of this area the line of palaces was continued, and on the other rose the celebrated Ducal residence. This was, if possible, still more quaint and oriental than the church, transferring the mind at once to the events of the East, and to the days of Venetian greatness and power.

On every side were objects of interest. The

two large columns near the sea were trophies of one conquest; the ranges of little columns on the side of the church were trophies of a hundred more; the great staircase at which we looked through an arch of the palace were the Giant's Stairs, and the holes in the walls above them the Lions' Mouths! This huge tower is the Campanile, which has stood there a thousand years rooted in mud; and those spars let into the pavement in front of the church are the very same on which the conquered standards of Cyprus and Candia, and the Morea, were wont to flap. The noble group of horses in bronze above the great door, is *the* group, restored at last to its resting-place of centuries.

Passing by the side of the palace of the Doges which fronts the sea, by an arcade walk that lines its whole exterior, which is the celebrated Broglio, where none but the noble once could walk, and where intrigues were formerly so rife, we came to the bridge which spans the canal that bounds the rears of the church and palaces. The covered gallery that is thrown

across this canal, connecting, at the height of a story or two above the ground, the palace with the prisons on the other side, was the Bridge of Sighs! By the side of the water-gate beneath were the submarine dungeons, and I had only to look towards the roof to imagine the position of the *Piombi.*

Then there was the port, lighted by a soft moon, and dotted with vessels of quaint rigs, with the cool air fanning the face, — the distant Lido, — and the dark hearse-like gondolas gliding in every direction. Certainly, no other place ever struck my imagination so forcibly; and never before did I experience so much pleasure, from novel objects, in so short a time. A noble military band played in the square; but though the music was, what German instrumental music commonly is, admirable, it served rather to destroy the illusion of magic, and to bring me down to a sense of ordinary things. After passing an hour in this manner, I returned to the *Leone Bianco,* and excited every one's curiosity to see the same things. Poor W—— issued forth immediately; but,

after an unsuccessful search in the maze of lanes, he returned disappointed.

The travellers' book was brought me to write my name in; and I find that an American or two who had preceded me have been lampooned, as usual, *in English!* One would think pride, in the absence of good taste, would correct this practice.

LETTER XXXI.

Picture of the Assumption, by Titian. — Martyrdom of St. Peter. — Church of St. Mark. — Attention to the countenance by the old masters. — Canova's Monument. — Palaces. — Arsenal and Museum. — Gondolas and Gondoliers. — Lions' Mouths. — Concourse in the Square of St. Mark. — Attempt to revive Venice as a free port. — Composition Floors. — Cause of frequent conflagration in America. — Mr. Owen's social scheme. — Company to erect edifices for lodging mechanics suggested.

We have left the *Leone Bianco* for lodgings near the Piazza San Marco, where we control our own *ménage*, avoiding the expense and confusion of an inn. I have set up my gondola, and we have been regularly at work looking at sights for the last week. I shall continue, in my own way, to speak only of those things that have struck me as peculiar, and which, previously to my own visit here, I should myself have been glad to have had explained.

In the first place, Titian, and Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, are only seen at Venice. Good

pictures of the first are certainly found elsewhere; but here you find him in a blaze of glory. I shall not weary you with minute descriptions of things of this sort, but one story connected with a picture of Titian's is too good not to be told. You know, the French carried away every work of art they could. They even attempted to remove fresco paintings; a desecration that merited the overthrow of their power. One great picture in Venice, however, escaped them. It stood in a dark chapel, and was so completely covered with dust and smoke that no one attended to it. Even the servitors of the church itself fancied it a work of no merit.

Within a few years, however, some artist or connoisseur had the curiosity to examine into the subject of this unknown altar-piece. His curiosity became excited; the picture was taken down, and being thoroughly cleaned, it proved to be one of the most gorgeous Titians extant. Some think it his *chef-d'œuvre*. Without going so far as this, it is a picture of great beauty, and every way worthy of the

master. The subject is the Assumption, which he has treated in a manner very different from that of Murillo, all of whose Virgins are in white, while this of Titian's is red. The picture is now kept in the Academy, and imitations of it are seen on half the ornamented manufactures of Venice.

The Martyrdom of St. Peter, (not the Evangelist,) Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced a wonder, in its way; but it stands in a bad light, and it did not strike me as a pleasant subject. All Martyrdoms are nuisances on canvass. Like the statues of men without skins, they may do artists good, but an amateur can scarcely like them. The better they are done, the more revolting they become.

We have visited half the churches, picture-hunting: and a queer thing it is to drive up to a noble portico in your gondola, to land and find yourself in one of the noblest edifices of Europe. Then the sea-breezes fan the shrines; and sometimes the spray and surf is leaping about them, as if they were rocks on a strand. This applies only to those that stand a little re-

moved from the bulk of the town, and exposed to the sweep of the port. But St. Mark's is as quaint internally as in its exterior. It is an odd jumble of magnificence, and of tastes that are almost barbarous. The imitation mosaics, in particular, are something like what one might expect to see at the court of the Incas. The pavement of this church is undulating, like low waves — a sort of sleeping ground-swell. C—— thinks it is intentional, by way of marine poetry, to denote the habits of the people; but I fancy it is more probably poetic justice, a reward for not driving home the piles. The effect is odd, for you almost fancy you are afloat as you walk over the undulating surface. St. Mark's, if not the very oldest, is *one* of the oldest Christian churches now standing. There were older, of course, in Asia Minor; but they stand no longer, — or if they do stand, they have ceased to be Christian churches.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says, if it were the fashion to go naked, the beauties of the human *form* are so much superior to that of the *face*, that no one would regard the

latter. Clothes have produced a different effect on the art of painting. All the painters who create or revive their art commence with the countenance, which they paint well long before they can draw the form at all. You may see this in America, where the art is still in its infancy, in one sense; many drawing good heads, who make sad work with the body and the hands. The works of the old masters exhibit heavenly countenances on spider's limbs, as any one knows who has ever seen a picture by Giotto. A picture here, by the master of Titian, has much of this about it; but it is a gem, after all. John of Bellino was the painter, and I liked it better than anything I saw, one fresco painting excepted.

Some of the carvings of the churches, that are in *high relief,* surpass anything of the sort I have ever seen; and, in general, there is an affluence of ornaments, and of works of merit, that renders these edifices second to few besides those of Rome. A monument by Canova, that was designed for Titian, but which has received a new distinction by being erected

in honour of the sculptor himself, is an extraordinary thing, and quite unique. Besides the main group, there are detached figures, that stand several feet aloof; and the effect of this work, which is beautifully chiselled out of spotless marble, beneath the gloomy arches of a church, is singularly dramatic and startling. One is afraid to commend the conceit, and yet it is impossible not to admire the result. Still, I think, the admirable thought of Nahl renders his humble Swiss tomb the sublimest thing in Europe.

What shall I tell you of the famous palaces? They are more laboured externally, and have less simplicity and grandeur than I had expected to see; but many of them are magnificent houses. All stand on a canal, very many on the principal one; but they all extend far back towards the streets, and can be entered as well by land as by water. There is a large vestibule or hall below, into which one first enters on quitting the gondola; and it is very usual to see one or more gondolas in it, as one sees carriages in a court. The rooms above are often as rich

as those of royal residences, and many capital pictures are still found in them. The floors are, almost invariably, of the composition which I have already mentioned as resembling variegated marble. A much smaller proportion of them than of those at Rome appear to be regularly occupied by their owners.

You may suppose that I have had the curiosity to visit the renowned Arsenal. It stands at one end of the town, and of course commands the best water. The walls enclose a good deal of room, and ships of size can enter within them. An Austrian corvette was on the stocks, but there was no great activity in the building-yard. A frigate or two, however, are here.

There is a museum of curious objects attached to the Arsenal, that is well worth seeing. Among other things, we saw plans and even some of the ornaments of the Buccentauro, which is broken up, the sea being a widow. One does not know which is the most to be pitied, *la Veuve de la grande armée,* or the bereaved Adriatic.

I have told you nothing of the gondolas. The boats have a canopied apartment in the centre,

which will contain several people. Some will hold a large party, but the common gondola may seat six in tolerable comfort. With the front curtain drawn, one is as much concealed as in a coach. The gondolier stands on a little deck at the stern, which is ridged like a roof, and he *pushes* his oar, which has no rullock, but is borne against a sort of jaw in a crooked knee, and may be raised from one resting-place to another at will. It requires practice to keep the oar in its place, as I know by experience, having tried to row myself with very little success. By his elevated position, the gondolier sees over the roof of the little pavilion, and steers as he rows. If there are two gondoliers, as is frequently the case, one stands forward of the pavilion, always rowing like the other, though his feet are on the bottom of the boat. The prow has a classical look, having a serrated beak of iron, that acts as an offensive defence.

The boats themselves are light, and rather pretty; the mould, a little resembling that of a bark canoe. The colour is almost invariably

black; and as the canopy is lined with black cloth, fringed, or with black leather, they have a solemn and hearse-like look, that is not unsuited to their silence and to the well-known mystery of a Venetian. There is something to cause one to fancy he is truly in a new state of society, as his own gondola glides by those of others with the silence of the grave, the gentle plashing of the water being all that is usually audible. My gondolier has a most melodious voice, and the manner in which he gives the usual warning as the boat turns a corner is music itself.

The private gondolas are often larger, and on great occasions, I am told, they are very rich. The livery of a private gondolier used to be a flowered jacket and cap; and a few such are still to be seen on the canals.

Of course we have visited the cells, the halls of the Ducal Palace, and the *piombi*. There are several Lions' mouths, all let into the wall of the palace, near the Giant's Stairs; and the name is obtained from the circumstance that the head

of a lion is wrought in stone and built into the building, the orifice to receive the paper being the mouth of the animal.

The Square of St. Mark is a delightful place of resort at this season; I pass every evening in it, enjoying the music and the sports. Here you can also see that you are on the eastern confines of Europe, Asiatics and Greeks and European Turks frequenting the place in some numbers. There is one coffee-house, in particular, that appears to be much in request with the Mussulmans, for I seldom pass it without finding several grave turbaned gentlemen seated before it. These men affect Christian usages so far as to sit on chairs; though I have remarked that they have a predilection for raising a leg on one knee, or some other grotesque attitude. They have the physical qualifications, in this respect, of an American country buck, or of a member of Parliament, to say nothing of Congress.

The attempt to revive the importance of Venice, by making it a free port, is not likely to result in much benefit. It requires some peculiar political combinations, and a state of the

world very different from that which exists to-day, to create a commercial supremacy for such places as Venice or Florence. Venice does not possess a single facility that is not equally enjoyed by Trieste, while the latter has the all-important advantage of being on the main. The cargo brought into Venice, unless consumed there, must be re-shipped to reach the consumer; or, *vice versâ*, it must be shipped once more on its way from the producer to the foreign port, than if sent directly from Trieste. A small district in its immediate vicinity may depend on Venice as its mart, but no extended trade can ever be revived here until another period shall arrive when its insular situation may make its security from assault a consideration. A general and protracted war might do something for the place, but the prosperity that is founded on violence contains the principle of its own destruction.

I have been so much struck by the beauty of the composition floors that are seen here in nearly every house, as to go to the mechanics, and to employ them to let me see the process of making them. Enclosed you have the written

directions they have given me. In addition to this I can add, that the great point appears to be beating the mortar, and to put it on in separate layers. The time required to make a thoroughly good floor of this kind is about two years, though one may suffice; and this, I well know, will be a serious objection in a country like our own. Their great beauty, however, their peculiar fitness for a warm climate, and the protection they afford against fire, are strong inducements for trying them. As they can be carpeted in winter, there is no objection to them on account of the cold: indeed, if properly carpeted, they must be warmer than planks, insomuch as they admit no air when thoroughly constructed.

I have now been in Europe four years, and I have *seen* but *two* fires, although most of my time has been passed in London, Paris, Rome, Florence, Naples, &c. &c. It is true, some portion of this exemption from alarms is to be ascribed to the system of having regular corps of firemen, who are constantly on duty, and who go noiselessly to work: but, after

making every allowance for this difference, and excluding New York, which is even worse than Constantinople for fires, I am persuaded there are ten fires in an ordinary American town, for one in a European. The fact may be explained in several ways, though I incline to believe in a union of causes. The poor of America are so much better off than the poor of Europe, that they indulge in fires and lights when their class in this part of the world cannot. The climate, too, requires artificial heat, and stoves have not been adopted as in the North of Europe, and where they are used, they are dangerous iron stoves, instead of the brick furnaces of the North, most of which receive the fire from the exterior of the room. But, after all, I think a deficient construction lies at the bottom of the evil with us. Throughout most of Europe, the poor, in particular, do not know the luxury of wooden floors. They stand either on the beaten earth, coarse compositions, stones, or tiles. In Italy, it is commonly the composition; and you may form some idea of the consistency to which the ma-

terial is brought, by the fact that good roofs are made of it.

It is the misfortune of men to push their experiments, when disposed at all to quit the beaten track, into impracticable extremes, and to overlook a thousand intermediate benefits that might really be attainable. Every one, of any penetration or common sense, must have seen, at a glance, that the social scheme of Mr. Owen was chimerical, inasmuch as it was destructive of that principle of individuality by which men can be induced to bestow the labour and energy that alone can raise a community to the level of a high civilization,—or when raised, can keep it there. Still his details suggest many exceedingly useful hints, which, by being carried out, would add immeasurably to the comfort and security of the poor in towns. What a charity, for instance, would a plan something like the following become!—Let there be a company formed to erect buildings of great size, to lodge the labouring mechanics and manufacturers. Such an edifice might be raised on arches, if necessary, with composition

floors. It might enjoy every facility of water and heat, and even of cooking and washing, on a large scale, and, of course, economically. The price of rooms could be graduated according to means, and space obtained for the exercise of children in the greater area of so many united lots. Even entire streets might be constructed on this community-plan, the whole being subject to a company-police. Here, however, the community principle should cease, and each individual be left to his own efforts. America may not need such a provision for the poor; but Europe would greatly benefit by taking the practicable and rejecting the impracticable features of the Owen System. Among other benefits, there would be fewer fires.

LETTER XXXII.

Wearisome calm of Venice. — The Canals and Port the chief resort for recreation. — Garden planted by Napoleon. — Misconception respecting the Rialto. — The Bridge of Sighs. — Palaces. — The Canals without footways on their margin. — Intercourse by land. — The Grand Canal. — The Lido. — The Islands.

ALTHOUGH Venice was so attractive at first, in the absence of acquaintances it soon became monotonous and wearying. A town in which the sounds of hoof and wheel are never known, in which the stillness of the narrow ravine-like canals is seldom broken, unless by the fall of an oar or the call of the gondolier,—fatigues by its unceasing calm; and although the large canals, the square, and the port offer livelier scenes, one soon gets to feel a longing for further varieties. If I do not remember to have been so much struck with any place on entering it, I do not recollect ever to have been

so soon tired of a residence in a capital. It is true, we knew no one, nor did any one know us; and an exclamation of pleasure escaped me on suddenly meeting the *Grognon*, in the Piazzetta; a pleasure which, I regret, did not seem reciprocal. But then he had just arrived.

We took boat daily for the last week of our residence, living on the water, and among the palaces and churches. I was surprised to find that the Adriatic has a tide; for banks over which we have rowed at one hour, were bare a few hours later. In all this place, there are but two or three areas in which the population can seek the air, except by resorting to the canals and the port. Napoleon caused a garden to be planted, however, near the northern extremity of the town, which will eventually be a charming spot. It is larger than one might suppose from the circumstances; and here only can a Venetian enjoy the pleasures of verdure and shade.

You will be surprised to hear, that, by the Rialto of Shakspeare, one is not to understand the *bridge* of that name. This bridge is divided

into three passages, by two rows of low shops, which are occupied by butchers and jewellers (a droll conjunction), and the height has rendered broad steps necessary to make the ascents and descents easy. Some travellers describe a small platform on the summit of the bridge as the Exchange, or the place where Shylock extorted gold. I believe this is altogether a misconception. The Rialto is the name of the island at one end of the bridge, and on this island the merchants resorted for the purposes of business; and "meeting me *on* the Rialto," did not mean, on the *bridge*, but on the *island*, after which island the bridge, in fact, is named. Mr. Carter, among others, seems to have fallen into this error.

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,"
&c. &c. &c.

is pure poetry. This bridge is thrown across the narrow dark canal that separates the Ducal Palace from the Prison, and is, in fact, a covered gallery. The description of

"A palace and a prison on each hand,"

though bad grammar, is sufficiently literal. It is bad grammar, because there are *not* a palace and a prison on *each* hand, but a palace on one side and a prison on the other. As poetry, the verse is well enough; but you are not to trust too implicitly to either Shakspeare or Byron, if you desire accuracy. The remainder of the description is not to be taken as at all faithful, though so very beautiful. It is morally, but not physically true. The Bridge of Sighs, if open, would be one of the worst places in all Venice to obtain the view described. I mention this, not as criticism, for as such it would be hypercriticism, but simply that you may understand the truth.

"Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,"

is also exaggerated. One or two buildings have been destroyed for the materials, I am told; and one palace remains half demolished, the government having interfered to save it. At least, such is the account of my gondolier. But, beyond this, there is little apparent decay in Venice, except that which is visible in the

general inactivity of the business of the port and town.

The accounts that there are passages for foot-passengers along the margin of the canals is also untrue. Such may be the fact in particular spots, but it is by no means true as the common mode of communication by land. I have seen places on the Grand Canal where one may walk some distance in this manner; but it is on planks raised against and secured to the houses for the purpose, and not by any permanent footways. The intercourse by land is in the centre of the different islands, access being had to all the principal buildings both by land and by water, as I have told you before. On the side of the canals, the boats touch the door-steps, while in the rear narrow alleys serve as outlets. Most of these alleys are only four or five feet in width. These, again, communicate with the streets, which are usually very narrow. Perhaps half the buildings do not touch a canal at all, especially the smaller shops and dwellings.

You may imagine the effect of the celebrated

regattas of Venice by considering the situation of the Grand Canal. This is a small river in appearance, a little winding to relieve the monotony; and it is literally lined with the large buildings that in Italy are called palaces. Every window has its balcony. The terms 'canals' and 'lagoons' are, however, misapplied as respects the bay and channels of Venice. You know, of course, there are no gates, which we are apt to associate with the idea of a canal, though improperly; but it is the land that is artificial here, and not the water. The Grand Canal is not unlike the letter S in its direction, and it widens sensibly near the port, which is a broad estuary between the islands of the town and the Lido.

This Lido is the bank that protects the Lagoon from the Adriatic. It is long, low, and narrow, and is not entirely without vegetation. There are a few houses on it, and in one or two places something like villages. Most of the islands, of which there are many that do not properly belong to the town, are occupied; one containing a convent with its accessories, ano-

ther a church, and a third a hamlet of the fishermen. The effect of all this is as pleasing as it is novel; and one rows about this place, catching new views of its beauties, as one rows round and through a noble fleet, examining ships. Still, Venice must be left, the warm weather admonishing us to retire; and I am now actually occupied in the preparations necessary to a departure.

LETTER XXXIII.

New mode of Travelling. — Route from Venice to Vicenza.— Theatre on a new plan by Palladio.—Verona: The Amphitheatre, and the Tomb of Juliet.—Observations on Italians and Italian Society. — Banditti and Assassins. — Lower classes of Italians. — Nobles and Gentlemen. — Italy by nature a single country.—Its division into States. — Obstacles to its consolidation.—Napoleon.—A confederated Republic predicted.—Line of the Tyrol.—New mode of Travelling the most expensive.— The Inn at Trent.— Picturesque Valley. — Tower at Botzen.— Brixen.—Pass of the Brenner. — Innspruck. — The Cathedral, and the Castle of the Counts of the Tyrol.

A NOVEL mode of travelling was suggested to me, and I determined to try it, merely to compare it with the others. In most of the countries of the Continent, the government controls the diligences, or public coaches, which are drawn by post-horses. In the Austrian States one can travel in the diligences at his own hours, provided a certain number of places are paid for. The size of my family admitting of this, I have come up from Venice to Innspruck in that mode; the advantages being

those of paying once for all at Venice, of travelling entirely under the authority of the government, and of not being under the necessity of wrangling with the postilions. The disadvantage, as I have since discovered, was that of paying considerably more than I should have done, after quitting Italy, had we come post in the old way. In Lombardy we had no difficulty, postmasters and postilions conducting themselves admirably; but in the Tyrol it was a constant scene of wrangling about hours and horses. I shall not repeat the experiment, after we have fairly crossed the Alps.

We left Venice quite early, in a public boat, being now fairly in the hands of government. At Mestre we found our own carriage, and, entering it, we were soon furnished with four horses and two postilions. The latter cut a strange figure, in yellow coats and cocked hats. They were perfectly civil, however, and we soon found ourselves in Padua.

Changing horses, we now diverged from our old route, taking the road to Vicenza, where we dined. The country was not so tame as

Lombardy is in general, and we were rapidly approaching the advanced hills of the Alps. Still, the road, a good one in every sense, ran along a very even surface.

Vicenza is the city of Palladio, and a house he built for himself, a small but tasteful edifice, and a theatre of his on a new plan, were shown us. This theatre, instead of the ordinary painted scenery, had a real perspective, and houses and streets, *en petit*, as one sees them in a town. This invention was founded in hypercriticism. A play is, at the best, but a conventional and poetical representation of life, like a romance, a statue, or a picture; and while it is properly subject to laws that are founded in nature, this nature may, in all, be respected to absurdities. Who but a bungler would put eyes in a statue, give a real perspective to a picture, rigid nature instead of its *beau idéal* to a romance, or real streets to a theatre? The common scenery is sufficient to the illusion we require; for, like the unities, after all, a theatrical street, which of necessity must be contained in a single house, is but a

conventional street. The thing, as a matter of course, was a failure.

After quitting Vicenza, the country became even prettier, and we passed a few small towns. It was still early when we came in sight of a town lying in part against the side of a hill, with ancient walls and other objects of a picturesque appearance. The environs were particularly verdant, and altogether the place had a more lively and flourishing air than any city we had seen since quitting Bologna. This was Verona, the end of our journey for the day. We had done near a hundred miles since morning, with great ease to ourselves, having almost crossed the whole of the ancient Venetian-Italian States.

Although this town stands on the great plain of Lombardy, it is at its commencement, and at the point where the Adige issues from among the Alps, to incline eastward before it throws its waters into the Adriatic. We found a genteel and good inn, as well as neatness and perfect civility. After giving our orders, we sallied forth to see the only two things of which our

time would allow,—the amphitheatre, and the tomb or sarcophagus of Juliet, for you will remember we were now in the country of the Montagues and the Capulets.

The amphitheatre stands on an area in a corner of the town, where it is seen to great advantage. Unlike the Coliseum, it is perfect, or nearly so, on the exterior, so that one can get an accurate notion of its general effect. The interior, also, is almost as perfect as that at Pompeii; and as the building is much larger, it may be included among the greatest of the works of the kind that have descended to our own times. There is a portion of it set apart for theatrical representations, by the erection of a stage and enclosing a few of the seats; and, truly, the difference between the scale of a Roman arena and that of one of our own modern edifices is here made sufficiently manifest. I do not wish to be understood that this temporary little theatre is of extraordinary dimensions; but still it is large enough to contain an ordinary audience. It struck me as being more intended for *spectacles* than for the regular

drama. It had no roof, though I was told the climate admits of representations at night in it. We see the same thing in New York during the summer months.

Perhaps the dimensions of the amphitheatre of Verona are not much more than half of those of the Coliseum, (in cubic contents, I mean,) and yet it is a stupendous edifice. It is relatively low,—or, it might be safer to say, it struck me so after dwelling five months so near the Coliseum; but, standing on its summit, it is a fearful fall to look at. It is said that the amphitheatres of Rome, Verona, and Nismes contain among them all that is wanting to give us the most accurate notions of the details of this sort of structure. Certainly, as a whole, this is the most perfect of any I have seen. There is no visible reason why this immense building should not still stand, until destroyed by some natural convulsion.

The sarcophagus is no great matter. It stands in a garden, and is merely a plain marble chest, without its lid. Shakspeare is known to have taken the story of Romeo and Juliet from a

tale of the misfortunes of two young lovers of this place; and it is certainly possible that this may have been the very tomb of the lady. The names are anglicised in the play, but not materially varied. The guide showed us a house which, he affirmed, belonged to one of the warring families—the Montagues, I believe; but there are so many English travellers, just now, that the temptation to embellish is exceedingly strong. One looks at these things with an easy credulity, for it is the wisest way, when there is no serious historical or antiquarian question dependant on the truth. What matters it now, whether a young lady named Giulietta died of love, and was buried in this tomb? The name of Montague came from the Continent, and is still met with in France: among the connexions of General Lafayette is a Marquis de Montaigu, whom I have seen in his company, and who is his neighbour, at La Grange. I dare say there were Capuletti also in scores. These people must have had houses, and they must have had tombs; and it is as well for us travellers to believe we see them here

at Verona, as to believe anything else. For the *laquais de place* and the keeper of the garden, it is even much better.

We breakfasted at Verona, which struck us as a bustling and pleasing town, with a singular air of *bon ton* about it; and then we went our way. The *enceinte* of this city, like that of Genoa, embraces a large side-hill that is mostly in villas and gardens; but the defences are of no great account.

Shortly after quitting the walls, we turned into the valley of the Adige, and reached a point where one may be said to take his last look at Italy. A—— laughed at me, for this was the only country, as she affirmed, that she had ever known me to quit looking over a shoulder. Certainly, the tendency in common is to look ahead, and I confess to the truth of the charge of having looked behind me on this occasion. I have never yet quitted any country with one half the regret that I quitted Italy. Its nature, its climate, its recollections, its people even, had been gradually gaining on my affections for near two years, and I

felt that reluctance to separate, that one is apt to experience on quitting his own house.

I have told you little in these letters of the Italians themselves, and nothing of what may be called its society. I have seen much of the former, of necessity, and a little, though not much, of the latter. A diffidence of my own knowledge lies at the bottom of this forbearance; for I am fully sensible that he who would describe beyond the surface, must have had better means of information than mine have been. Still, I will not quit this charming region without giving you, in a very few words, a summary of my opinions, such as they are.

I came to Italy with too many of the prejudices that had got abroad concerning the Italian character. The whole country is virtually a conquered country—and men are seldom wronged without being abused. In the first place, the marvels about banditti and assassins are enormously exaggerated. Banditti there have been, and robbers there still are. The country is peculiarly adapted to invite their presence. With

unfrequented mountains nearly always in sight, roads crowded with travellers, great poverty, and polices of no great energy, it could hardly be otherwise; and yet, a man of ordinary prudence may go from one extremity of the country to the other with very little risk. Assassinations I believe to be no more frequent than murders in France or England. If the *quasi* duels or irregular combats of the south-west be enumerated, I believe, in proportion to population, that three men lose their lives by violence in that portion of the republic, to one in Italy.

The lower classes of Italy, with the exception of those who live on travellers, appear to me to be unsophisticated, kind, and well-principled. There is a native activity of mind about them that renders their rogues great rogues; but I question if the mass here be not quite as honest as the mass in any country under the same social pressure. An American should always remember the exemption from temptation that exists in his own country. Common crimes are certainly not so general

with us as in most of Europe, and precisely for the reason named; but *uncommon meannesses* abound in a large circle of our population. The vices of an American origin are necessarily influenced by the condition of American society; and, as a principle, the same is true here. It may be questioned if examination, taking into view all the circumstances, would give a result so much in our favour as some pretend. Once removed from the towns and the other haunts of travellers, I have found the Italians of the lower classes endued with quite as many good qualities as most of their neighbours, and with more than some of them. They are more gracious than the English, and more sincere than the French, and infinitely more refined than the Germans; or, it might be better to say, less obtuse and coarse. Certainly, they are quick-witted; and, physically, they are altogether a finer race, though short, than I had expected to see.

Shades of difference exist in Italian character, as between the different States, the preference being usually given to the inhabitants of Upper

Italy. I have not found this difference so manifestly clear against the South; though I do believe that the Piedmontese, in a physical sense, are the finest race of the entire country.

Foreigners would better appreciate the Italian character if they better understood the usages of the country. A nation divided like this, conquered as this has been, and lying, as it now does, notoriously at the mercy of any powerful invader, loses the estimation that is due to numbers. The stranger regards the people as unworthy of possessing distinctive traits, and obtrudes his own habits on them, coarsely and, too often, insolently. This, in part, is submitted to, from necessity; but mutual ill-will and distrust are the consequences. The vulgar-minded Englishman talks of the "damned Italians," and the vulgar-minded American, quite in rule, imitates his great model, though neither has, probably, any knowledge of the people beyond that which he has obtained in inns, and in the carriages of the *vetturini*.

In grace of mind, in a love, and even in a knowledge of the arts, a large portion of the

common Italians are as much superior to the Anglo-Saxon race as civilization is superior to barbarism. We deride their religious superstitions; but we overlook the exaggerations, uncharitableness, and ferocity of our own fanaticism. Of the two, I firmly believe a Divine Omniscience finds less to condemn in the former. I do not know any peasantry in which there is more ingenuousness, with less of rusticity and vulgarity, than that of Tuscany.

The society of Italy, which is but another word for the nobles of the country, so far as I have seen it, has the general European character, modified a little by position. They have a general acquaintance with literature, without being often learned; and there is a grace about their minds, derived from the constant practice of contemplating the miracles of art, that is rather peculiar to them. An Italian gentleman is more gracious than an Englishman, and less artificial than a Frenchman. Indeed, I have often thought that in these particulars he is the nearest a true standard, of any gentleman of Europe. There is a sincerity in this class,

also, that took me by surprise; a simplicity of mind rather than of manner, that is not common on the other side of the Alps. Notwithstanding what has been said and written about *les esprits fins*, I question if the trait can be properly imputed to the general Italian character. After all this, however, I freely admit the limited nature of my own observation, and you will not attach to these opinions more value than they deserve; still, they merit more attention than the loose notions on the same subject that have been thrown before the world, unreflectingly and ignorantly, by most of our travellers.

Nature appears to have intended Italy for a single country. With a people speaking the same language—a territory almost surrounded by water, or separated from the rest of Europe by a barrier of grand mountains—its extent, ancient history, relative position, and interests, would all seem to have a direct tendency towards bringing about this great end. The —— of —— assured me that such was the intention of Napoleon, who looked forward to the

time when he might convert the whole of the peninsula into a single state. Had he continued to reign, and had he been the father of two or more sons, it is quite probable that he would have distributed his kingdoms among them at his death; but, while he lived, no man would have got anything back from Napoleon Bonaparte with his own consent.

Italy, instead of being the consolidated country that one could wish it were, is now divided into ten states, excluding little Monaco. These countries are, Piedmont or Sardinia, Lombardy, Modena, Parma, Massa, Lucca, Tuscany, the Papal territories, San Marino, and the Two Sicilies. This is an approach towards consolidation; the Venetian States, the duchy of Genoa, and a great many smaller countries being swallowed up by their more important neighbours, as has been the case in Germany. Massa will soon be joined to Modena, and Lucca to Tuscany,* which will reduce the number of independent governments to eight — or, deducting San Ma-

* This junction has since been made.

rino, a community of no account, to seven. The entire population is thought to be from eighteen to nineteen millions.

The study of Italy is profitable to an American. One of the greatest, indeed the only serious obstacle, to a consolidation of all the Italian States, arises from the hereditary hatreds and distrusts of the people of one country to those of another. Such is it to separate the family tie, and such would soon be our own condition were the bond of union that now unites us severed. By playing off one portion of the country against the others, the common enemy would plunder all.

The Italians, while they are sensible that Napoleon did them good by introducing the vigour and improvements of France, do not extol his reign. They justly deem him a selfish conqueror, and, I make no doubt, joyfully threw off his yoke. The conscription appears to have been the most oppressive of his measures; and well it might be, for, even admitting that his ultimate ends were to be beneficial, the means were next to intolerable. He

improved the roads, invigorated the police, reformed many abuses, and gave new impulses to society, it is true; but, in the place of the old grievances, he substituted King Stork for King Log.

The laws and customs of the Italian countries have so many minute points of difference, that the wishes of some of the patriots of this region point towards a Confederated Republic, something like that of Switzerland. Sooner or later, Italy will inevitably become a single State: this is a result that I hold to be inevitable, though the means by which it is to be effected are still hidden. Italy as one nation, would command the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, and the jealousies of France and England are likely to oppose more obstacles to the consolidation than the power of Austria. The Confederation would be played on by both these powers; and it appears to me that it is just the worst mode of attempting a change that could be adopted. In the absence of great political events, to weaken the authority of the present governments, education is the surest

process, though a slow one. In every case, the people of no country should confide in foreigners for the attainment of their political ends. All history has shown that communities are not to be trusted in such matters; and if I were an Italian bent on consolidation, I would not turn my eyes beyond the Alps for relief. After all, there is so much room for meliorations more immediately serviceable, that perhaps the wisest way is, to direct the present energies to reforms, rather than to revolutions; though many here will tell you the former are to be obtained only through the latter.

Our road soon led us into a great valley, the Alps gradually closing on us as we advanced, until we again found ourselves in their gigantic embraces. The Adige, a swift but brawling stream, flowed on our left, and the country gradually lost the breadth and softness of Italy in the peculiarities of a mountain district. About two o'clock, we passed a village called Avio, where we changed horses. Here we got but one postilion, short traces for the leaders, a long whip, and a new livery,—the certain signs

that we were in Germany: in fact, we had crossed the line of the Tyrol, about a league to the southward. Roveredo was a town of some importance, and here we began to see some of the independence of the Tyrolese, who paid very little attention to the printed regulations of the road. I had been furnished with a *carte de route*, with instructions to enter any complaints about speed, delays, or other failure to comply with the law; and this I did at one post-house in the presence of the post-master, who had not only made a false entry as to the time of our arrival and departure, but who was impudent and dilatory. This complaint he endeavoured to defeat by correcting his own entry. To effect this, he had asked me for the way-bill; and when I found out the object, he refused to give it back again. Thereupon, I seized him by the collar, and wrested the paper out of his hands. For a moment there were symptoms of blows; but, distrusting the result, the rogue yielded. He menaced me loudly, notwithstanding; and when I carried off the prize to the carriage, it was surrounded

by the rascal with a dozen other blackguards to back him. He refused to give me horses, and I noted the time on the way-bill again before his face. This frightened him at last, and I believe he was glad to get rid of us.

It would seem I had adopted a mode of travelling peculiarly disagreeable to the post-masters; for, while it cost me more than the ordinary posting, they were paid less, the government pocketing the difference. This I did not know, or certainly I would have saved my money; but being in the scrape, as a *pis aller*, I was determined to fight my way out of it. I do think there is enough of Jack in me yet to have threshed the fellow, had we got to facers,—a termination of the affair that the short struggle gave the rascal reason to anticipate.

It was dark before we drove into a small city that stands between lofty mountains, one of which rose like a dark wall above it, quite *à la Suisse*. The Adige flowed through this town, which was Trent, so celebrated for its religious council.

The inn here was semi-Swiss, semi-German. When I put the usual question as to the price of the rooms, the landlord, a hearty Boniface-sort of a person, laughed, and said, "You are now in Germany; give yourself no trouble on that score." I took him at his word, and found him honest. There was a sort of great *sala* in the centre of the house, that communicated with the different apartments. Something like a dozen escutcheons ornamented its walls; and, on examining them, I found inscriptions to show that they had been placed there to commemorate the visits of sundry kings and princes to the larder of mine host. Among others, the Emperor, the late and the present Grand Dukes of Tuscany, and the King of Bavaria, were of the number. The latter sovereign is a great traveller, running down into Italy every year or two. The Marquis of Hertford was also honoured with a blazonry,—probably on account of his expenses. I have seen this usage, once or twice, in other parts of Europe.

The next day, our road, an even, good

carriage-way, led up the valley of the Adige, along a valley that might have passed for one of Switzerland, a little softened in features. There were ruined towers on the spurs of the mountains, and here and there was a hold that was still kept up. One in particular, near Botzen, struck us as singularly picturesque, for it was not easy to see how its inhabitants reached it. The costumes, too, were singular; prettier, I thought, than any of Switzerland. The men wore cock's feathers, stuck obliquely with a smart air in their high conical hats: some carried guns, and all had a freedom of manner about them that denoted the habits of mountaineers. At Botzen we left the Adige, following a branch, however, that was not smaller than the stream which retains the name. The country now became more romantic and more wild. The châteaux were of a simpler kind, though always picturesque. The road continued good, and the horses were excellent: they reminded us strongly of American horses. We did not arrive at Brixen until after dark; but we found German neatness, German civility,

German honesty, and German family portraits. Every man has ancestors of some sort or other, but one sees no necessity for lampooning them with a pencil after they are dead.

Brixen stands in a mountain-basin, a town of a German-Swiss character. Soon after quitting it, next morning, we began to ascend the celebrated Pass of the Brenner, which offered nothing more than a long and winding road among forests and common mountain scenery. We had been too recently in Switzerland to be in ecstasies, and yet we were pleased. It began to be stormy; and by the time we reached the post-house, the road had several inches of snow in it. Two days before, we had been eating cherries and strawberries at Verona!

One gets to be sophisticated in time. On landing in England, I refused a beggar a sixpence *because he asked for it*, my American habits revolting at the meanness of begging. To-day A—— had a good laugh at me for a change of character. By the arrangement at Venice, I was not obliged to give anything to the postilions; but I usually added a franc to

their regular receipts from the government. On this occasion the postilion very properly abstained from asking for that which he knew he could not properly claim. The money, however, was in my hand; but seeing that he kept aloof, I put it up, unconsciously saying, "Hang the fellow! if he will not ask for it, let him go without it." This is the way we get to be the creatures of habit, judging of nations and men by standards that depend on accidents. Four years earlier, I should certainly have refused the postilion, *had* he asked for the money; and now I denied him because he did *not!* I hope to reach the philosophical and just medium in due time, in this as well as in some other matters.

We went a post on the mountain, a wild without being absolutely a savage district, before we turned the summit. This point was discovered by the runs of water at the roadside, one of which was a tributary of the Adige, sending its contributions to the Adriatic, while the other flows into the Inn, which communicates with the Danube. The descent,

however, soon spoke for itself, and we went down a mountain on a scale commensurate with that by which we had ascended.

At a turn in the road, a beautiful fairy-like scene suddenly presented itself. There was a wide and fertile plain, through which meandered a respectable river. Our own mountain melted away to its margin on one side, and a noble wall of rock, some two or three thousand feet high, bounded it on the other. Directly before us lay a town, with the usual peculiarities of a mountain-city, though it had a cathedral and even a palace. This was Innspruck, the capital of the Tyrol, and the immediate object of our journey. We drove into it at an early hour, and in time to enjoy the play of mists, and the brilliancy of the snows that still rendered the adjacent cliffs hoary.

We had glimpses of glaciers to-day, and saw an abbey or two in poetical situations. Innspruck reminded us a good deal of Berne. The palace is respectable though not large, and the cathedral is quaint and venerable. In the latter there is a row of knights in their ancient

armour, or rather a row of armour which is so placed as to resemble knights ranged in order. I believe the armour is that of the former sovereigns of the Tyrol.

There is also a little castle, a mile or two from the town, that now belongs to the Emperor, and was once the hold, or palace, of the Counts of the Tyrol. We had the curiosity to visit it. Certes, a small prince a few centuries since lived in a very simple style. There were the knights' hall, a picture-gallery, and other sounding names; but a more unsophisticated abode can hardly be imagined for a gentleman. To compare any of these mountain-castles to a modern country-house even in America, is out of the question, for nothing can be plainer than most of their accommodations. This was a little better than a common Yankee palace, I allow, for that is the *ne plus ultra* of discomfort and pretension; but, after all, you might fancy yourself in a barn that had been converted into a dwelling.

The gallery was awful—almost as bad as that one occasionally meets in an American

tavern, or that we actually enjoyed last night at Brixen. Still, the place was quaint, and of great interest from its associations. It even had its armour.

We are now at a stand. Vienna is on our left, Switzerland on our right, and the last pass of the Alps before us. Examining the map, I see the "Iser rolling rapidly," Munich, and a wide field of Germany in the latter direction, and it has just been decided to push forward as far as Saxony and Dresden before we make another serious halt.

THE END.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

00056778

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 16 January, 2016